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The Porpoise-Tuna Connection

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KENNETH J. ARROW: 'THE LIMITS OF ORGANIZATION'

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LETTERS

the Quakers were there

Philadelphia, Pa.

Anne Tuckerman says in an editorial [*The Nation,* May 3] that ". . . the U.N. is the only organization, other than the Red Cross, to put humanitarian considerations above political ones in the tragedy of Indochina."

We wonder how she and *The Nation* could have overlooked the work of the American Friends Service Committee. As we provided humanitarian assistance to the victims on all sides of the war in Indochina, we have never subjected people to political inquiries. . . .

The AFSC has now established an Emergency Vietnam Fund to continue to provide food, medicine and other supplies for the suffering people in Vietnam. The emphasis is to help the *people,* not considering the government they may be living under.

Further, the Mennonite Central Committee is another organization that has provided humanitarian assistance in Vietnam without considering the politics of that tragedy. . . .

Paul E. Brink, Director of Information
American Friends Service Committee

New York City

When I mentioned the activities of the U.N. and the International Committee of the Red Cross, I was thinking in terms of international organizations dealing exclusively with governments. That is no excuse, however, for the pioneer and constant humanitarian work conducted by the American Friends Service Committee in times and places of conflict should always be in everybody's mind. My apologies to the Quakers and to the Mennonites.

Anne Tuckerman

no longer good

Park Forest South, Ill.

I take issue with David Kennedy's concluding statement in "War and the American Character" [*The Nation,* May 3], an otherwise penetrating interpretation of the influence of war on American character. Civilian battle exemption, he argues, saves us from the demoralization and terror suffered by war-torn nations.

I don't buy it. The 1970s exude demoralization. We are, after all, no longer "good guys." Our virtue suffers not from what was or was not done to our civilian populations but from what we did to others.

Harriet Gross

letter from gene pool

San Francisco

As a black American who, before the egalitarian impulses of the early 1960s, had been consigned to the "associative learning" dung heap, I must applaud Gerard Piel's analysis of the economic and political realities behind the revival of the nature-nurture controversy ["The New Hereditarians," *The Nation,* Apr. 19]. I am no longer on that dung heap largely because of my country's commitment to egalitarian ideals, as these ideals were expressed through mechanisms of advancement such as the National Defense Student Loan and Head Start programs. . . .

As I said in a letter to *The Atlantic Monthly,* following the publication of Richard Herrnstein's famous article of September 1971, "I share the same gene pool as those people whom Herrnstein dismisses. Their experience was my experience. I advanced because I seized a few of the opportunities offered briefly, very briefly, by the society. I joined the staff of *The Atlantic Monthly* as proof of the experiment and because I expect the society to offer the same opportunities to those many millions of others still waiting." I shall always regret that this statement was made weeks after the article was published. I regret, too, that too few of us perceive the connection between an egalitarian commitment and the moral health of American society.

James Alan McPherson

Cover: Official Marine Corps Photos

EDITORIALS

The Korean Trap

Despite the collapse of his grand design for Vietnam, Henry Kissinger—true to form—is now trying to pose as a secret or closet dove, while at the same time stressing the need for a hard-line, abrasive policy that has a built-in potential for disaster. On NBC's *Today Show* recently he was most conciliatory—he tends to be conciliatory in the early morning hours. It was "probably" a mistake to turn Vietnam into "a test case" for U.S. policy; sending in U.S. troops was "the worst way of dealing with the problem"; we should have tried to view this problem "more in Vietnamese terms rather than as the outward thrust of a global conspiracy." He has also, belatedly, exhibited an awareness of important black African states south of the Sahara; he may soon permit us to play baseball with the Cubans, and he has been somewhat more attentive of late to his opposite numbers in Latin America.

At the same time, as Thomas R. Ross reports in the *Chicago Sun-Times,* he feels that a tougher line must be taken, not merely with the Russians but in general. In the wake of a defeat it is a truism, in his book, that a great power must adopt a tougher-than-usual posture and seek out opportunities to flex its missiles and "show the flag." In pursuit of this obsolete notion, he has had President Ford reaffirm our commitments to Taiwan and South Korea—we have formal commitments to both—and "tie together more closely" South Korea and this country. No doubt Kissinger would say that these reaffirmations were merely designed to maintain the *status quo* but they could have the opposite effect. For example, South Korea's Foreign Minister Kim Dong-Jo said in a recent interview that "we are quite confident *now* that the U.S. Government commitment . . . would be dutifully fulfilled" (emphasis added), and that could, of course, encourage the regime to be still more repressive and provocative.

Both assurances—to South Korea and Taiwan—were precisely the wrong moves, at the wrong time, for the wrong reasons. For some time China has been reported to be dissatisfied with the lack of progress on the issue of Taiwan. Instead of reaffirming our commitments to Taiwan and South Korea, we should be underscoring the fact that the former is not an American colony or protectorate, and we should be seeking ways and means to shift the Korean issue to the United Nations or seek recommendations from that body for its resolution.

The evidence indicates that neither Russia nor China is eager to see the fragile cease-fire broken in Korea, but that by no means eliminates the risk. The fate of North Korea is in the hands of Kim Il Sung who is probably the most vain of living dictators and one of the most arrogant and ambitious. Installed by the Russians in 1945, he has shown a fine knack for playing China against Russia and vice versa.

His counterpart in the South, President Park Chung Hee, heads an extremely unpopular dictatorial regime which has been under constant attack from its domestic opposition. Park is quite capable of triggering an action for the purpose of forcing Washington to honor its commitments before we decide on removal of all U.S. troops

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from the mainland of Asia. The monster rally which Park staged recently in Seoul by way of reaffirming his regime's determination to resist North Korean intrusion was aimed as much at Washington and American opinion as it was at Kim Il Sung. Indeed, one of the dangers of the U.S. commitment is that the polls show 65 per cent of those questioned are opposed to our intervention in a new Korean war; only 14 per cent would back it. Just as the determination of Kim Il Sung to reunite the Koreans has been reinforced by the collapse of U.S.-sponsored regimes in South Vietnam, Cambodia and now Laos, so President Park's anxieties have been stimulated by these same events. No doubt he will now be less willing to compromise with his opposition. The harder he cracks down on South Korean dissenters—and they have been growing in number—the more likely they are to challenge his rule. If they were to attempt to overthrow the regime, Kim Il Sung has said that he would support them and there is no reason to doubt that he would. The fact is that neither Russia, China, Japan nor the United States is in a position, alone or in combination, to prevent an explosion in Korea. The ability of the Russians and the Chinese to influence Kim Il Sung is probably on a par with our ability to influence President Park. The events in Indochina have no doubt encouraged Park's opponents, but even if they remain relatively docile, the risk of trouble is great. North Korea has the ability to infiltrate agents by sea and air and land; the terrain offers fine prospects for guerrilla warfare with commando raids and infiltration tactics being correlated with subversive actions. Two tunnels under the demilitarized zone have been discovered by U.S. and South Korean troops, but there are said to be eleven tunnels not yet located. Given this general situation, the great powers directly involved on both sides are, to some extent, the pawns of their puppets, as may well have been the case in 1950. It would be a bitter irony, therefore, if, after the defeat of U.S. policy in Indochina, which the President and Kissinger have done so much to publicize, they were now to pursue policies which would entangle them and us in a repeat performance of the Vietnamese tragedy.

Ending the War

Gerald Ford, one feels, is not a particularly cruel man, but the limits that his world view seems to impose upon his capacity for empathy are quite real—and quite unfortunate. By recently declaring, in effect, that the conflict in Indochina was over for all but American war resisters, he exposed once again his inability to perceive the moral roots of much of that resistance, and to overcome his classically *macho* conviction that there is something irrevocably anti-social about a refusal, for whatever moral or political reasons, to shoulder a gun in furtherance of a disastrous foreign adventure.

Although America's wasting of Indochina will have deep and long-lasting effects, if Ford continues to have his way, they will have passed long before those once-young Americans who resisted the war are allowed to come out of exile or jail and be welcomed home without recriminations or crippling dishonorable discharge. It seems to say something about Ford and his advisers that they're willing to grant refuge to Thieu's gangster clique and its supporters

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The Nation is published weekly (except the issues of January 4, July 12, July 26, August 9, August 23) by the Nation Company and copyright 1975 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

Subscription Price: One year $15; two years, $27.50. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

NOTICE TO INDEXERS: *The Nation* regrets that through a typographical error the issues of May 10 and May 17 carried the wrong volume numbers. They should have been, respectively, Volume 220, No. 18 and Volume 220, No. 19.

THE NATION

Volume 220
No. 20

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but not to those Americans who went to jail or exile for being prematurely anti-war. It seems to say something about the whole Indochina enterprise that the new South Vietnamese government offers amnesty to its combat foes, while the American Government will have no truck with those whose opposition consisted only of saying no.

Blood Bath from the Skies

Henry Kissinger and Gerald Ford may plead for their own amnesty from accountability, but the national inquiry compelled by the war in Indochina has begun. We are still absorbing the knowledge of atrocities committed in our name. Recent reports from Agence France Presse, *Le Monde*, the Associated Press and Reuters have placed yet another demonic weapon in America's recent Indochinese arsenal: the CBU-55. Listed in Navy literature, the CBU-55 seems the most developed of the cluster bombs, those fragmenting carriers of destructive pellets which for years riddled the bodies of Indochinese. According to what seem to be reliable reports, the CBU-55 was used in Vietnam by the Navy as early as 1970, in Cambodia by Lon Nol's troops beginning this past January, as late as mid-April by the Thieu regime against insurgents at Xuan Loc. Its identifying feature: a flammable aerosol cloud that, after an explosion and shock wave that can break eardrums and collapse lungs, sets off a flash fire evidently designed to attack those lungs still functioning, first searing and then suffocating them by robbing the air of its oxygen within a 100-yard radius. American pilots reportedly dropped CBU-55s on rebel troops during the Thieu regime's invasion of Laos. Lon Nol's pilots reportedly used it on the banks of the Mekong River to blaze a way for convoys bound for Phnom Penh.

The CBU-55 joins herbicides, defoliation and napalm as part of the American Indochinese legacy. Authorization of their development and use warrants serious examination of this country's standards of tolerable behavior. Recognition of their massive deployment betrays the ugly hypocrisy behind the Kissinger-Ford pose of righteousness over real or fabricated reports of postwar Indochinese killings, so casually labeled "blood bath" and so directly a consequence of American policy and tactics.

Still Cruel and Unusual

On April 21, the U.S. Supreme Court for the first time in three years listened to oral argument on capital punishment in the case of *Fowler* v. *North Carolina*. In 1973, Jesse T. Fowler had been convicted of first-degree murder and sentenced to death, as required by the state law then in effect. At issue in the *Fowler* case was not only his fate and that of sixty-five other persons on death row in North Carolina but a larger national question. Will the Supreme Court, after an interval of three years, undertake to expand further its controversial ruling against the death penalty in *Furman* v. *Georgia*? Or will the Court yield to various pressures and begin to narrow and whittle it away?

In June 1972, the Court ruled in the *Furman* case that "the imposition and carrying out of the death penalty . . . constitutes cruel and unusual punishment in violation of the Eighth and Fourteenth Amendments." The Court's reasoning was based on the "freakish" and "selective," "capriciously random" fashion with which the death penalty was actually imposed. The Court did not, however, summarily rule unconstitutional all possible death penalty provisions. It confined itself exclusively to the laws and procedures for inflicting capital punishment where the courts had "unfettered discretion" to bring in a sentence of death or of life. Chief Justice Warren Burger noted in his dissent that "if state legislatures and the Congress wish to maintain the availability of capital punishment, significant statutory changes will have to be made." The *Fowler* case presents the Court with one of the two major forms of capital punishment left untouched by the *Furman* ruling: statutes that make "mandatory" the imposition of the death penalty once an accused has been convicted of a "capital" crime, such as first-degree murder.

The oral argument on Fowler's behalf highlighted the major contentions of the written brief filed last January: the system of criminal procedure used in North Carolina not only allowed but encouraged "arbitrary" and "selective" use of the death penalty and was, therefore, in violation of the Constitution. From the moment that a North Carolina solicitor appeared before a grand jury to seek an indictment of criminal homicide to the final decision of the Governor to extend or withhold clemency, discretionary legal power and unreviewable authority were at work. Such powers, however traditional and even appropriate for the criminal justice system in general, have fatal and irreversible effects where the death penalty is involved. As Yale Law School Prof. Charles Black, Jr. expressed it in his recent book, *Capital Punishment: The Inevitability of Caprice and Mistake*, "in one way or another, the official choices—by prosecutors, judges, juries, and governors—that divide those who are to die from those who are to live are on the whole not made, and cannot be made, under standards that are consistently meaningful and clear, but . . .they are often made, and in the foreseeable future will continue to be made, under no standards at all or under pseudo-standards without discoverable meaning."

So-called "mandatory" death penalties do not evade these objections, because they are not self-enforcing and self-administered. Like every instrument of the legislative will, they depend for their effect upon the decisions of others who administer the system in each particular case. The abstract legislative decree of a death penalty to all those persons, and only those persons, convicted of certain crimes has no meaning whatever apart from the day-to-day judgments of others. If a majority of the Court can be persuaded to accept this reasoning, then this year the *Furman* ruling could be extended in a significant though natural way.

Beclouding the resolution of the *Fowler* case is the state of Justice William O. Douglas' health. During the oral argument, he was silent throughout. It is a testimony to how significant he regards the *Fowler* case that he appeared on the bench at all. He was wheeled in for the opening of the argument and he left ninety minutes later, as soon as the Chief Justice called the next case. Should his health fail to such a degree that he could not participate further in the *Fowler* case, this could have a decisive effect. Since Justice Douglas has been such a visible and unswerving opponent of the death penalty, his participation

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in deciding the fate of Jesse Fowler is critical. Three years ago, *Furman* v. *Georgia* was decided by a 5-to-4 majority. Without the vote of Justice Douglas, *Fowler* v. *North Carolina* could well fail to be decided by even that slender margin in a form favorable to abolition. *Hugo Adam Bedau*

TV Premiere

South Africa has finally made it to television land. On May 5 the government began two hours a day of experimental video broadcast and, starting in 1976, will transmit five hours a day of programming. Commercials are banned until 1978—and then will be allowed only 5 per cent of air time.

Predictably, programming is for whites only: broadcasts will be in English and Afrikaans. A service for the majority of South Africans in tribal languages is said to be under study, but white supremacist attitudes will probably block it for a long time. TV could "foster ideas of racial integration," Tom Lambert of the *Los Angeles Times* has quoted one racist as saying. No doubt it could also raise the expectations of the exploited majority, perhaps encouraging revolt.

Probably because black awareness is so widely feared among the white elite, prices for TV receivers are being kept high. Domestic manufacture of portables has been forbidden, and what Lambert calls whopping duties have been placed on imports. The government is expected to rule TV content with the same leaden hand it has used to stifle free radio expression. It will be quite a while before *The Jeffersons* makes it to South African TV.

Yet the television medium has its own kind of internal dynamic and persuasive power. Once it gets going in South Africa, the spread of its influence, of its persistent promise of immediate possibility, will be hard to stop. Not that there will be informative news programs or consistently first-rate entertainment—we've had television for almost three decades and don't yet have such excellence in America—but there will be the daily broadcast of a national life style that not even incessant obfuscation can disguise. From their perspective, the ruling whites were wise to keep South Africa's broadcast airwaves blind for so long. Television has wrought major societal change wherever it has been seen. South Africa should be no exception.

Private Police

By recent count, there are now 50,000 privately paid security guards and investigators in California—5,000 more than the number of police officers in the state. National figures would likely be astounding. Gun-toting, badge-wearing private armies are being deployed. Their employers are afraid.

A mushrooming private force brings with it any number of threatening side effects—and no inevitable overall reduction of crime. It is expensive, and is eventually paid for in higher prices. It is immediately dangerous: many private cops, armed, middle-aged and in less than top shape, are undertrained, bad shots and in some cases, people with their own psychological problems (alcoholism, hostilely aggressive tendencies, etc.). The majority are meagerly paid and, as such, recruited from the unskilled sectors of the work force. They have a right to the jobs (and higher pay) but not to the guns.

In a long-range sense, too, the growth of paramilitary protection forces has its consequences. Except in high-crime areas where they are needed—and where they often just shift crime into unprotected zones—an overabundance of badges and uniforms alone can contribute to fear. Escalation of fear into political demands can lead to strong-arm governmental action illegal in itself. An irrational siege mentality ultimately creates more problems than it solves. An excess of armed guards contributes to it—and deflects attention away from the underlying social nature of crime.

THE LAST OPTIMIST

CAREY McWILLIAMS

The death of Julio Alvarez del Vayo in Geneva at the age of 84 will stir a flood of affectionate memories and admiring sentiments from Peking to Moscow, Berlin to Paris and Madrid, and from Madrid to the United States, Mexico and throughout South America. Vayo was, first and foremost, a man of the Left, a Left intellectual, a hero of the anti-Fascist resistance in Europe; he was also a true internationalist, a devout League of Nations man who became as well-known and respected at the U.N. in New York as he had been at the League in Geneva. A list of the famous writers, statesmen, revolutionaries and journalists whom he had known would fill a volume. It would include such names as Unamuno, Beatrice and Sidney Webb, J.M. Keynes, Leonard Woolf, Georg Brandes, Rilke, Rosa Luxemburg, Karl Liebknecht, Lenin (he heard Lenin speak in Bern the night before he left in the famous sealed train for Russia), Chou En-lai, Mao, Hugo Stinnes, Walther Rathenau, Lloyd George, Thomas Mann, Cardenas, Stefan Zweig and many others. But he was never a name collector, much less a name-dropper; by conviction he was a democrat, a radical and a rebel.

The son of a highly placed general and a deeply religious mother, he spent his boyhood at El Escorial, the royal palace and monastery, where his family lived in the barracks, in a pavilion set aside for the commandant. The family background was aristocratic, snobbish, upper class, but the setting was designed to make a rebel of a lively youngster with intelligence and imagination. He rebelled against the Church and what he called the "cult of death"—his first rebellion—and then against the military, more specifically the officers and generals. His father seems to have been a patient, understanding and generous but dis-

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appointed parent. When it became clear that Vayo would have no truck with the military, he was sent to the university in Madrid where, in accordance with a promise made to his father, he graduated in law (but he never practiced). At the university he spent most of his time flirting with girls, listening to Socialist and radical speeches, seeking out authors and journalists, and learning to write. As a youth, he was arrested for radical political activities.

Vayo was a lifelong "Left Socialist," but it would be a distinct mistake to think of him as a Marxist theorist or ideologue; by temperament he was a radical-rebel, combative, fiercely independent, intensely proud and loyal to a fault, but no dogmatist. Nothing could be more humorous to those who knew him well than the charge that he was a Communist or some kind of "secret agent" of the USSR. He was thoroughly undisciplined, impetuous, vain, quick to take offense, full of Spanish pride (aristocratic variety) and no man's agent or flunky, for any purpose or cause. He wanted no enemies on the Left (although he had his share), believed in the Popular Front and loathed redbaiting. Perhaps this made him a "fellow traveler," but he never favored a merger even of the Left Socialists with the Communists, a policy at one time advocated by his early mentor and later critic, Indalecio Prieto.

His background—his involvement—with European politics, particularly Left politics, in the period from World War I until his death, has few parallels. He studied on a scholarship with the Webbs in London and attended the University of Leipzig (1913); as a student in Madrid, Paris, London and Leipzig he made the most of his opportunities to meet individuals who interested him. When World War I broke out, he came to New York where he lived for two years (1913-15), teaching Spanish, reading at the New York Public Library ("more novels and plays than I read in all the rest of my life") and making friends. He returned to Spain for a time, and then went to Zurich in 1918 to cover the final phases of the war for *La Nacion* of Buenos Aires, a paper to which he contributed, on and off, for many years. For ten years he was its European correspondent and traveled to Austria, Poland, Finland, Russia and Czechoslovakia on a variety of assignments. Most of the time he was stationed in Berlin where he was elected president of the Foreign Press Association. He accompanied the Nansen Relief Mission to the USSR in 1922, then in 1924 was assigned to Madrid by *La Nacion*. He also wrote for the *Manchester Guardian* and other papers.

In Spain he soon became an active participant in the political ferment of the early 1930s, along with Largo Caballero, Azana, Prieto and other "opposition" politicians. When the Republicans came to power, he was sent to Mexico as Spain's Ambassador (1931-33), an experience which stood him in good stead years later when Mexico, above all other countries, showed a friendly attitude toward the Spanish Loyalist exiles. He was named Ambassador to Russia but just at that moment sentiment shifted to the Right in Spain, so he resigned the post and was named Spain's representative on the Chaco Commission set up by the League of Nations to investigate the boundary feud between Bolivia and Paraguay. While there he was elected to the legislature in Madrid. Not long after his return to Spain, the Franco forces attacked the Republican government which by then had taken a turn to the Left. In this government Vayo served as Foreign Minister from 1936 to 1939 and eloquently upheld the Spanish Loyalist position at the League of Nations.

In exile he came to New York in 1940, when the Friends of the Spanish Republic, with Thomas Mann as chairman, gave a welcoming banquet in his honor. On September 13, 1941, he became a contributing editor of *The Nation.* From September 26, 1942 to October 20, 1945, he edited the "Political War Section" which *The Nation* carried in those years. From October 20, 1945 to January 29, 1949, he was *The Nation*'s foreign editor, spending much of his time at the U.N. With Freda Kirchwey and Lillie Shultz, he played a key role in *The Nation*'s efforts to keep Franco's Spain out of that body in accordance with the Potsdam Declaration of July 1945. The U.N. decision on ostracism came in 1946 with a vote of 36 to 6 against admission. Indeed, Spain was not admitted to the U.N. until 1953.

Of Vayo's books the most important are *Freedom's Battle* (Knopf, 1940), about his experiences during the Spanish Civil War, and his fascinating autobiography *The Last Optimist* (published by Viking, 1950). But he also wrote a life of Rosa Luxemburg (*The Red Path*), *March of Socialism*, books about Russia and China (he visited China late in life) and *Persons and Places.* Of the thirty-five years he spent in exile, he wrote that "every day spent outside Spain has been flavored with sorrow and nostalgia." But he never, for a moment, ceased to believe that Franco's regime would be ousted (the day of triumph was, in his view, always close at hand); his confidence in the final victory of the Spanish people was never shaken. On his last visit to the office of *The Nation* he was as confident as ever that the end was near in Spain (see "Spain at the Flash Point," *The Nation*, January 25, 1975). But he never saw Spain again except on one occasion when, in a typically audacious way, he returned incognito for a brief crossing of the border from France in the summer of 1949 (see his article, "I Got into Spain," *The Nation.* September 3, 1949). He was lucky to get out alive. One might have predicted, since irony so frequently prevails in human affairs, that he would die before Franco and never live to return to a free and democratic Spain. But one may be sure—as he was—that Franco's days are numbered and that "the final victory" of the Spanish people is now close at hand. When it occurs, the Spanish people will honor and cherish the memory of this gallant and courageous man. (Nor should they forget to honor his devoted wife, Luisi, who shared the long hard years in exile with such grace and dignity. Her death, a year ago, was a blow from which Vayo did not—could not—recover.)

Vayo was a delightful colleague but his copy always presented the same problem. He wrote in Spanish, which was then translated, after a fashion, by another Spanish Loyalist exile who was paid a small stipend for this service. Freda Kirchwey, a perfectionist in such matters, would invariably be distressed by the translated copy and would worry over it as long as time permitted. Then the much-edited version would be turned over to Gladys Whiteside, long *The Nation*'s copy editor, who, perhaps out of vexation, would proceed to "flatten" it, eliminating whatever personal flavor it had originally possessed or which Kirchwey had managed to restore; then she would recast it in the unaccented rhythms of her most proper Wellesley prose. Of course Vayo could have written in English but, furtively, he wanted to give his fellow exile a

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break. If his written English was passable, his English speech was execrable. In his autobiography he tells how, when he came here as an exile, his lecture agents tried to do something about it. "Every master or mistress of elocution" he tried had a different remedy, including renovative dentistry, proposed throat operations and facial surgery, while all the time his speech "became less and less intelligible." So he finally abandoned elocution and let the words spill out in a torrent of guttural sounds and hissing overtones, but clarified always by animated facial expressions and appropriate gestures. As foreign editor, he had unrivaled contacts, invaluable experience and an intimate knowledge of European politics, international affairs and revolutionary movements. But he lacked a knowledge of the Washington scene and U.S. politics and that deprived his reporting and commentary of a dimension of which it sometimes stood in need.

Del Vayo was, to repeat, a hero of the European anti-Fascist resistance. He gave others courage and hope because he was a symbol of hope and courage.

THE CAMP PENDLETON REFUGEES

LAST ACT IN THE TRAGEDY

ALICE MARQUIS

San Diego

The address is "Operation New Life, Marine Corps Base, Camp Pendleton, Calif. 92055." Here, the last pathetic scene of the last act in the tragedy of America's involvement with Vietnam is being played out. A steady stream of "Pink Bus Lines" vehicles rolls in from El Toro all night, all day, all night. There is room now on this vast Marine Corps base for 18,108 fugitives to be housed in tent villages and old Quonsets. There are 18,000 bowls and 18,000 pairs of chopsticks and 300,000 pounds of rice. There are blankets (though many complain of the nighttime cold) and footlockers and garbage cans and thousands of portable toilets.

There are crates of tough olive drab fatigue jackets, and a towering sergeant major bellows at his crew: "Keep breaking out those coats and be sure each one gets one." So everyone in the camp, from the oldest patriarch to the tiniest toddler, is wearing coats stenciled USMC. There are 18,000 kits for men, women, children and infants, containing toothbrushes and soap, deodorant, shower shoes, razors for men, "feminine necessities" for women, toys for children, diapers for babies, towels, soap—and a couple of candy bars.

All night long, in the glare of the arc lamps, the Marines are hoisting tents, digging trenches for water lines and stringing wires for electricity and public address systems and phones, directing traffic and getting fresh orders on walkie-talkies. At 8:30 A.M. on Monday, they were notified to prepare for 20,000 refugees and by Tuesday noon they were ready for the first group. In a week, they built a city the size of San Clemente.

All night long, in the reception center, teams of civilians from Immigration, from Social Security, from the State Department and AID, from HEW and Public Health, "process" the arrivals. They came, at a moment's notice, from Washington, San Francisco, Texas, San Diego, most of them glad to be dealing for once with people instead of papers. Quietly and methodically, they photograph and fingerprint and inoculate and create the paper files which document the refugees' existence. In a separate tent, a bank of four four-drawer filing cabinets is already spilling over into paper cartons.

There are more Red Cross volunteers than anyone knows what to do with, serving hot coffee and cocoa and cold punch, helping to reunite families, verifying sponsors and trying to arrange transportation. In the first two days, they spent $10,000 on long-distance telephone calls alone. In one corner of an old auditorium, a phone company crew is working at 4:30 in the morning, breaking out a wall for more lines. Scribbled notices on the wall give the contact names and phone numbers to be called by Vietnamese employees of Bank of America, IBM, Chase Manhattan, Esso Eastern. And just outside, a semi-trailer houses a mini-PX, with a Marine selling cigarettes, throwaway lighters and chocolate bars.

Inevitably, there is a press information center, located in a commandeered officers' club with a Marine PIO, a civilian flack, a 2-page mimeographed telephone directory and briefings at 11.00 and 16:30. A UPI ticker chatters in the men's head and an A.P. machine is on the way. People complain because the cigarette machine is sold out.

In this world hungry for information, every scrap is saved for what it might disclose about the refugees. Here is one: there were church services on Sunday. Some 705 attended Catholic Mass, 320 were at Protestant services and 350 were at Buddhist rites. A group of fifty Mormons were led in worship by Spencer Kimball, 80-year-old president of the Church of Latter Day Saints, who flew out especially from Salt Lake City. On Monday, the first baby born in the camp was baptized in a dramatic ceremony on exactly the historic spot where the first infant in California was baptized.

And the Pink Bus Lines vehicles roll in from where the big transport planes land at El Toro Marine Air Station, 22 miles to the north. Down Interstate 5 they come to San Clemente, swinging off the freeway there onto Avenida del Presidente. And if they went 500 yards further, they would be at the gates of the former Western White House, where a former President sits and scans the Pacific and broods.

Offshore, five LSTs and an aircraft carrier are part of a

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long-scheduled exercise which the Marines are determined to carry on, refugees or no. Helicopters buzz overhead, small boats scud across the water and jeeps scurry along the shore. More than 5,000 men are practicing a landing—where?

Camp Pendleton is huge—17 miles of coastline stretching 12 miles inland, a total of more than 125,000 acres. The tent villages for refugees cover only 203 acres, divided into eight areas. Today they have numbers, but they will soon acquire Vietnamese names, chosen by their inhabitants. Last week, each village elected spokesmen and committees to be in charge of housekeeping, sanitation, recreation and welfare.

On the loudspeaker in each village, there are announcements in Vietnamese regarding meals, inoculations, sanitary rules, calls for individuals, church services, movies. And before the week is out (in fact, as soon as the Vietnamese alphabet "balls" arrive for the electric typewriters) a newspaper will start publication. Already there are questions at the press briefings about the lack of recreation. TV sets are being installed, we are told, and committees of residents will organize other activities.

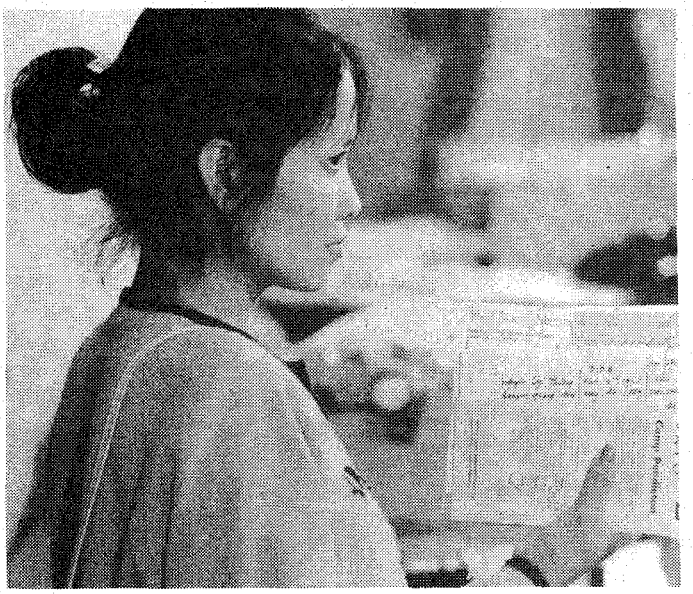
Indeed, they already have. In Camp 4, a tent houses a school started by a diminutive woman named Hue Tran, who holds a chemical engineering degree from the University of California. A group of eighteen teachers holds two classes daily for children and adults. Books and other teaching aids promoted by a local volunteer, Lilibet Klehmet, clog the tent.

There is an irony about the tent villages of Camp Pendleton. Here, the great organizational skill, the material wealth and the idealistic, humanitarian zeal of America is finally focused on 18,000 survivors. In the quiet efficiency of a man like First Lieut. C.O. Williams, who commands tent camp area 6 and who hasn't slept in two nights, the Marines are trying to redeem the bitter years of bombings, of napalm, of forced resettlement, of massacres, of defoliation, of a struggle that Marines aren't trained to understand.

A black man in freshly pressed fatigues, Lieutenant Williams strides among the tents, worried about getting enough milk for the children in his village, about getting enough blankets and warm clothing, about settling each family as it stumbles numbly off the bus, about picking up trash and keeping down the mud around the water spigots. Lieutenant Williams served a tour in Vietnam in 1965.

There is a peculiarly American resonance in the gruff tenderness of Gen. Paul Graham, the camp commandant, who saw refugees shivering in the unaccustomed rawness of the Southern California night and ordered that each arrival be supplied with a warm jacket. There is a deliciously American tone in the banter of two young clerks, hastily pulled away from their files and desks at the San Diego office of the Social Security Administration. Manning the typewriters in the reception center at 3:30 in the morning, they quietly interview each arrival and issue each one a Social Security number. Then, true to their bureaucratic instinct, they hand each one a mimeographed sheet (available in French or English) titled "What You Should Know About Your New Social Security Card." And they wisecrack and gripe a little about working a sixteen-hour day and go get a cup of Red Cross cocoa.

In these cynical times, one hesitates to say that there is



Official Marine Corps Photograph

something nobly American about Dennis Wendel who, a month ago, walked out of Lam Dong, where he was AID province chief, along with his 150-member staff. A week ago he was in Saigon, getting his last debriefing. Three days ago he was in Washington, being told that his job would probably end. Today, at 4 A.M., he peers through thick gold-rimmed glasses behind a desk in the reception center, ready to help any former AID employees who might be coming through. "Not for attribution and for background only," is how he shyly prefaces his conversation with me. But then, who cares right now what happened in Lam Dong?

There are several approaches to telling the story of the refugees. Without seeing them in person, one can easily talk about their lack of patriotism, their lack of interest in building a new and perhaps more just Vietnam. One can, with some justice, see their escape as the irresponsible flight of a ruling elite. One can talk about corrupt generals and evil landlords and venal politicians.

Then, one can talk about the impact of the refugees on the American scene; their competition for jobs against desperate American unemployed; about racial problems which inevitably will occur; about some who wear gold and diamond jewelry and flash solid gold calling cards. One can conjure up "Little Saigon" ghettos, welfare costs, exotic Oriental diseases and peculiar Oriental vices. One can even think bitterly about refugees of the past; the tens of thousands of European refugees from the Nazis who were turned away in 1939 and 1940, or the million Arab refugees who moldered in camps for generations. And one can ask: "Why these? Why now? Why here?"

But the closer one gets to the people in the tent villages of Camp Pendleton, the more remote such questions become. First of all, one sees the children who make up about half the total. And then one sees the faces of the adults—numb, tired, patient, proud, bewildered.

And then one talks to a young father of four. He was in the Air Force, a junior officer. And he has no sponsor. And what is he to do now, he wonders out loud in careful English. This is his wife (she smiles). She has been crying every

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night in bed, wondering what will happen. One talks to an old man whose family comprises sixty, nine of whom got out. He won't give his name or occupation because "the V.C. are everywhere." A church group is going to take them in.

There is a young man who fled from his last year in medical school and another young man who was an airport flight controller. Nearby are an A.P. photographer and an office manager. Why did they leave? "The V.C. are terrible," they say, and it is difficult to tell them that they may be victims of a vile plot to strip Vietnam of its best-trained, most talented people, though this theory could be true.

Standing in line, waiting to be fingerprinted, is a middle-aged woman, tiny and tired, with her husband, son and daughter. She is a teacher and they are heading for Florida to join another daughter, married to an Army sergeant. "We left our house, our furniture, our store, most of our family . . . everything," she says, smiling incongruously, in the sheepish way that refugees do.

One walks among the tents and sees people lying on cots, staring at the olive drab canvas ceiling, mothers feeding their babies, children tussling on the dry grass, women squatting around the water taps, trying to wash a few clothes, men talking solemnly, a young couple strolling hand in hand, a father with a toddler on his shoulders. And the question of whether this is truly the ruling elite of South Vietnam becomes dryly academic.

On the basis of extremely spotty statistics (a random survey of 223 biographies of adults filed during one hour at the reception center) one does get the feeling that the refugees are hardly a cross section of Vietnam's population. Among the 223 there were eleven doctors, thirty-two students, ten businessmen, seventeen secretaries, eight engineers, five journalists, eight teachers, six nurses, five airline technicians, twelve clerks, two social workers, five seamstresses, two bartenders, three translators, two ministers, two hotel operators, two mechanics, an electrician, a cook, a psychologist, a truckdriver, a gardener, a waitress and a heavy-equipment operator.

About half the refugees have American relatives, mostly women who married American servicemen. Many of the rest are former employees of the U.S. Government or American companies. All those I talked to are eager to find sponsors and leave the camps. And a group of four church-related welfare organizations has guaranteed that all refugees would be sponsored.

It is unlikely that the tent villages will become a permanent fixture. Out of some 12,000 arrivals in the first five days, 5,000 had already left to join families or sponsors. The Marines themselves expect the camps to last a maximum of ninety days. And by this summer, as it does every summer, Camp Pendleton will be ready to train some 35,000 reservists.

In the meantime, however, the tent community seems to be becoming, in microcosm, an ironic last expression of the few American good intentions that foundered so tragically in Vietnam. Elections! Elections actually will be held in each tent village this month to choose the leaders who will then administer each camp. So at last, in the bosom of the Southern California hills, in May 1975, the elections promised the Vietnamese since 1954 will actually take place.

Resettlement! Many of the people who have been refugees since they fled North Vietnam after the 1954 partition will now be permanently resettled, though in an alien place and among strangers. Security! Well, nothing in God's world could be more secure than the warm belly of a U.S. Marine base. And at last, among these mostly English-speaking, well-educated and talented people, the Americans will build the much vaunted and never achieved, "village infrastructure."

And so, the final irony and futile lesson: as the diplomats and politicians wrestle with the fruits of America's most disastrous foray into *Realpolitik*, the human wreckage washes ashore near San Clemente, Calif., where Richard Nixon sits and broods.

But here, too, another face of America appears, from an almost forgotten, naive strain in our history. It is the face of a grizzled Marine sergeant putting a coat around a little girl, a Red Cross woman handing out cocoa. In a larger sense, it is the face of the America that produced the Marshall Plan and the Peace Corps. It is also the corny, sentimental face of America that inspired Emma Lazarus' lines on the Statue of Liberty: "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free. . . ."

From Camp Pendleton, Calif., this May 1975, one can report that, yes, after all that's happened, this America, too, survives. □

Portugal: The Revolution Is Now

ANTONIO de FIGUEIREDO

Lisbon

When I explained to the leading member of the Armed Forces Movement (AFM) that even I, an author and lifelong student of Portuguese politics, was bewildered and confused by the pace of events since last year's coup, he replied: "Don't worry; so are we all. You see, the revolution is *happening now* and it is the first we have lived through; we just have to be prepared to learn from events and adjust our views as we go along."

Although military coups are conventionally known by a given date, in this case April 25, the revolutions of which they are part explode from a state of conspiracy into an open process of accelerated change in concepts, attitudes and alignments. The April 1974 coup emerged from a rejection of nearly fifty years of fascism and from the experiences of more than ten years of colonial wars in Guinea-Bissau, Mozambique and Angola. But since fascism and colonialism had worked to the advantage of big business and perpetuated the privileges of the middle classes at home and in the colonies, the coup that was intended to be

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no more than a liberation from authoritarian rule and a restoration of conventional Western democracy developed into a Socialist revolution. It is associated with the emergence of liberation governments in Guinea-Bissau and Mozambique, where also the cause of independence became intertwined with that of revolution. And it will probably affect the immediate political future of Angola, where the power struggle between the Zaïre-backed FNLA, on one hand, and the MPLA and UNITA on the other, is rapidly developing into an ideological clash in which the Portuguese are neutral.

It is in this context that the recent impressive electoral victory of the left-wing parties should be seen. Many of the 6 million voters, while casting their ballots for one or another of the parties, are nevertheless loyal to the AFM and agree that Portugal will for a time be governed by parallel military and civilian institutions.

According to an agreement signed between the parties and the AFM just before the elections of April 25, the movement will keep control of policy making through a twenty-eight-man Revolutionary Council and a 240-member National Assembly representing the various branches of the armed forces and regional commands. They will appoint the President and key ministerial positions, including Defense. The Prime Minister, also appointed, will select civilian ministers. The political parties will be represented in the 247-seat Constituent Assembly according to the result of the elections, which gave 115 seats to the Socialist Party, eighty for the Center-Left PPD (Popular Democratic Party), thirty to the Communists and sixteen to the right-wing CDS (Democratic Social Center). But the Constituent Assembly's task will be confined to drafting a constitution for a new, Socialist-oriented republic.

To people living in Western democracies, the establishment of elective institutions that are by mutual agreement restricted in their political power may appear confusing and contradictory. To people living in Eastern, single-party systems, or under military dictatorships, the holding of free elections and the continued existence of a variety of parties and an uncensored press may seem equally perplexing. But in fact this duality is part of a novel experiment to which Portugal, a country where the gap between the middle class and the rural and industrial workers is still very wide, is now committed.

Many of the pioneers of the anti-Salazar opposition, including myself, could not at first fully understand or adapt to what was happening in Portugal. Inasmuch as the country is economically dependent upon the European Economic Community and the United States for its trade, tourism and outlet for migrant workers, it appeared that massive nationalization of the banks, insurance companies and industry could provoke isolation, if not retaliation. Moreover, with the world divided into three major political power blocs, and the Portuguese themselves politically divided, the sudden grafting of an alien ideology onto the Portuguese-Iberian society could generate a rejection similar to what occurred in Czechoslovakia and Chile.

But much was discovered during the first year of revolution. First of all, it was found that the removal of fascism meant only that, under a system of conventional multi-party democracy, the middle class could retain its position at the top of Portugal's social structure. When leaders of the AFM warn that the "vote might not represent the best interests of the Portuguese people," they are trying to say that in Portugal the difference between fascism and parliamentary democracy might well become one of methods rather than aims. Irrespective of party rhetoric, or individual views and feelings, the middle class would act collectively according to its own interests. Since both systems aim at, or permit, the exploitation of the rural and industrial workers who form the majority of the population and account for the 30 per cent rate of illiteracy, the difference would perhaps be comparable to that between armed robbery and a confidence game.

To protect the working classes, and give first priority to educating the peasant majority, the Armed Forces Movement feels that Portugal must evolve a parallel system which corresponds to Portugal's dual situation as an underdeveloped country with a fairly well-developed European middle class. Thus, while political parties are free to join in the overall ideological debate in the European-style Constituent Assembly, the AFM will retain for itself the role of a "liberation movement" like those in Guinea or Mozambique which, in turn, are versions of the Algerian and other military-based political systems in African, Asian and other underdeveloped nations.

The AFM has, therefore, honored the pledge of the April 25th program by holding free elections within one year. In the event, the Socialist and Popular Democratic Parties obtained a majority and that could be interpreted as a victory for moderation, since the Communist Party obtained only 12 per cent and the right-wing Social Democrat Center only 7 per cent. But the reality is more complicated.

The Socialist Party's victory must be seen in the context that many of its followers also support the AFM. Since, as a party, the Socialists are committed to both socialism and freedom, it follows that the rank and file demands standards of fraternalism and democratic rule which contrast with those of the more paternalistic and rigidly led Communist Party. The Socialist militants are now pressing Mario Soares and other party leaders to observe a new political code of action whereby rivalry with the Communist Party will by no means be extended to the AFM.

The AFM is vulnerable—it needs the cooperation of civilian parties that enjoy the support of middle-class professionals, senior public functionaries, managers and technocrats. The country is confronted with a 30 per cent rate of inflation, rapidly dwindling foreign currency reserves, 200,000 unemployed (5 per cent of the working population) and further economic and social dislocation caused by the decolonization of Mozambique and Angola. But the sophistication of Portugal's working class, including the followers of the Socialist Party, is such that if the electoral victory is used to uphold middle-class values and interests it will be the leaders who lose. A trade union leader, who told me that workers could always spot the middle-class origin of party bigwigs by their insistence on being in shirt

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sleeves and without a tie on occasions when workers prefer to put on their Sunday clothes, added: "We will tell our leaders what to do, or we will tell them to get out." As a fellow fighter against fascism, I hope that party leaders who might be tempted to make capital out of capitalist freedom will realize that in modern revolutionary Portugal we have more to learn than to teach.

Meanwhile, most Portuguese who took part in the 92 per cent poll believe that everyone was victorious in the first free elections held after fifty years of dictatorship. They are justly proud that, in a world marked by violence, a revolution has been achieved in Portugal with a minimum of bloodshed. And as the elections coincided with the news of the collapse in South Vietnam and Cambodia of regimes for so long propped up by the United States, the Portuguese were happy to have disentangled themselves in time from Guinea-Bissau, Mozambique and Angola. Thinking of their past, it seems to them that it is not the size of a nation that determines its wisdom but the political system under which it lives. □

BRIBES BY THE MILLIONS

THE MULTINATIONAL CORRUPTION

LEONARD CURRY

During the period from 1961 to date hereof, defendants Northrop, Jones and Allen and others engaged in a course of conduct whereby they maintained a secret fund of corporate moneys which was used for unlawful political contributions and other purposes.

—Securities and Exchange Commission charges filed in the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia April 16, 1975 against Northrop Corp., Chief Executive Officer Thomas V. Jones and former Vice President James Allen.

Washington

The Watergate investigation of illegal corporate contributions to former President Nixon's 1972 campaign uncovered only a fragment of the uncoordinated financial hoard that funneled millions of dollars to local, state and national politicians for more than a decade. Nineteen corporations and a score of company officials have confessed to making illegal political gifts of up to $150,000 to Nixon, and in smaller amounts to Democrats, but substantially larger sums were diverted from corporate treasuries to foreign subsidiaries for secret spending abroad. The important questions to be answered as federal investigations continue in the months and years to come are how the funds started and where the bulk of the money went. [See editorials, "On a Clear Day," April 26; "Corporate Slush Funds," May 10.]

The only official remarks now on the public record are from William Gingery, the Civil Aeronautics Board enforcement chief who killed himself on February 17, in the belief that his failure to discover illegal airline expenditures until almost the eve of a Senate inquiry was "grotesquely unbelievable." In a suicide note, Gingery said he suspected that "the political contributions were merely symptoms of a disease involving subterranean services of money extracted by management for illicit purposes, including payments in foreign countries to nationals of these countries."

In later allegations unrelated to airlines, the Securities and Exchange Commission apparently substantiated Gingery's concerns. The SEC said that United Brands, a multinational food firm, made contracts and payments of $2.5 million to "an official of the Republic of Honduras" for tax concessions on bananas, and made cash payments of $750,000 to officials of an unnamed European country, believed to be Italy. The commission also accused the Northrop Corp., the aerospace company in Los Angeles, of establishing a $30-million fund for domestic political contributions and payments to foreign agents for unspecified purposes. Both United Brands and Northrop asked the SEC to conceal the identities of the recipients (the requests are temporarily being honored) for "proprietary" reasons, since publishing the names would have damaging effects on the firms' international relations. However, expurgated documents that Northrop filed with the SEC make index references to payments to Indonesian, Iranian and Libyan agents, and to "Unusual Payments to Third Parties." Northrop said in a press release that the payments were commissions and contract fees for the sale of aircraft in foreign nations, and bitterly denied that it had ever created a $30-million slush fund.

The SEC also charged Gulf Oil and Phillips Petroleum with diverting $13 million in corporate funds over fifteen years for illegal purposes, including political contributions. More than $6 million was sent abroad and is unaccounted for. The Civil Aeronautics Board said that American Airlines and Braniff diverted $1.2 million in corporate money, of which $1 million is unaccounted for overseas. The CAB has also begun an investigation of UAL, Inc., the holding company that owns United Airlines, in regard to a $23,000 contribution to Nixon's campaign from United Chairman Edward E. Carlson. Carlson has said the money was his own.

Regardless of what develops from the UAL, Braniff and American cases, a letter I have received from David C. Frailey, vice president of American Airlines, suggests that CAB investigations are likely to continue. Frailey writes: "I think if you were to reread the Gingery 'suicide note' you would find that he was not referring to American's or Braniff's files, but rather to the files of other airlines, and that his suicide hardly could be related to American's or Braniff's disclosures."

What were the American and Braniff disclosures? The CAB charged American and Braniff with creating slush

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funds exceeding $1.2 million, from which they made contributions to political candidates in violation of federal law prohibiting corporate gifts to federal campaigns. The original contributions were uncovered by the Watergate prosecutor, and George Spater, who was American's chairman in 1973, became the first corporate executive to cooperate in the Watergate investigation. He pleaded guilty to giving Nixon corporate contributions of $55,000, but the CAB has alleged that a fund started as early as 1964 raised more than $275,000, of which $105,975 was traced to political contributions. Braniff pleaded guilty to Watergate charges of making a $40,000 contribution. As in other cases, however, further investigations uncovered alleged diversions many times greater than originally reported in the Watergate cases. The CAB has charged that Braniff executives have diverted between $641,285 and $926,955 since 1969.

Explaining the discrepancies in dollar amounts, a spokesman for the Watergate prosecutor's office said: "Our mandate was for the 1972 election, which we carried out, but the cases on corporate contributions are not closed yet." The CAB, the SEC and the Internal Revenue Service are using Watergate records to expand the cases against the corporations. Initial CAB and SEC actions have been taken and more will come, according to officials of the regulatory agencies. The IRS cases will be developed more slowly because the diverted funds will have to be tracked to their ultimate beneficiaries to determine whether tax evasion is involved. One investigator said he was holding the admittedly "outrageous" hope that the executives "pocketed" the money, because the Gingery suicide letter raises an even more ominous suggestion.

Questions about the missing funds center upon the role of U.S. corporations in foreign countries. Suspicions were aroused by ITT's offer of $1 million to the CIA to bring down the Chilean Government of Salvador Allende. Now new suspicions are aroused by the fact that American, Braniff, Gulf, Northrop, Phillips and United Brands disbursed nearly $40 million overseas between 1960 and 1974.

United Brands's fund was uncovered when the SEC investigated another suicide, that of Eli M. Black, the 53-year-old chief executive who approved the payments to European officials and Honduran Government representatives, reportedly including Gen. Oswaldo Lopez Arellano, a Central American strongman since 1963. The other five companies were tripped up by the lists kept at the White House by President Nixon's personal secretary, Rose Mary Woods. How many companies not on "Rose Mary's Baby," as Watergate prosecutors dubbed the list, have similar kitties? "If you scratched any major corporation deep enough, you might find similar funds," said one investigator. "The problem is getting the hook to know where to search."

All of the cases made public so far display the common theme of cash diverted from the corporation to be laundered through foreign bank accounts and subsidiary companies. With the exception of United Brands, relatively small amounts of the cash were returned to the United States for illegal political contributions; the bulk of the money was kept or spent abroad.

Gulf Chairman B.R. Dorsey said in 1973 that the corporation made two $50,000 gifts under "intense" pressure from Nixon fund raisers. But in consenting to SEC charges in March, Gulf admitted diverting "in excess of $10 million in Gulf corporate funds" to its wholly owned subsidiary Bahamas Exploration Ltd., of which "at least $5.4 million of this fund of cash was returned by [Bahamas Comptroller William C.] Viglia to the United States for political contributions and related expenses." Gulf fired its Washington-based Vice President Claude Wild, the only executive named in the Watergate and SEC allegations. The corporation then rehired Wild as an "emergency" consultant. Gulf has agreed to investigate the fund, to comply with the SEC consent judgment, but it has put John J. McCloy in charge of the study group. McCloy, a New York lawyer who has frequently worked for Gulf in the past, told *The Wall Street Journal* (April 22) that Gulf "could call me tomorrow on some State Department or international matter and ask for my advice and I would give it to them."

W.W. Keeler, who was Phillips chairman at the time, pleaded guilty in 1973 to contributing $100,000 in corporate funds to the Nixon campaign. In a report to stockholders last year, Phillips expanded the contributions admissions to $535,000 over ten years. But Keeler, his successor John M. Houchin, current Chairman William F. Martin and the vice president in Washington, Carstens Slack, consented on March 6 to SEC allegations that the cash fund totaled $2.8 million. The SEC said the money was deposited with two Swiss corporations and that at least $1.3 million was returned to the United States. The unanswered question is what happened to the remaining $1.5 million.

In the case of United Brands, questions about money diverted from the corporate treasury seem to have been answered. The SEC charged and the company admitted making a payment of $1.25 million last September to the Swiss bank accounts of Honduran officials. Another payment was to be made this spring, but Black's leap from the 44th floor of a skyscraper on February 3 short-circuited the spring distribution by attracting the SEC. United Brands would not confirm that Lopez was one of those who received the money: "I didn't see him take it," said a United Brands spokesman. The gratuities were allegedly given to persuade Honduras to reduce a proposed tax on bananas of 50 cents per 40-pound box. In April 1974, United Brands said Honduras had agreed to a tax of 25 cents, with step increases in subsequent years. The savings to United Brands was about $7.5 million in 1974. The State Department condemned the Honduran transactions "in the strongest possible terms." It would not, however, comment on $750,000 in payments to European government officials that began in January 1970.

Investigation into the Northrop fund raised more questions than it answered. The SEC said that between 1961 and 1975 the firm paid $1.1 million to its Paris-based agent, William Savy, who returned $476,000 to New York-based agent Stanley Simon. "Periodically during these years [former Northrop Vice President James] Allen would pick up cash from Simon and then expend it for political contributions and related expenses, a substantial portion of which was unlawful. On at least one occasion, moneys from this unreported fund were given in cash by Allen to

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another consultant, Frank J. DeFrancis, purportedly to defray costs incurred in retaining the services of still another consultant who was simultaneously employed by a competitor of Northrop."

Added to the $600,000 that was not returned by Savy, another $30 million was disbursed or contracted to be spent abroad between 1971 and 1973. The SEC said, "Many of these transfers and disbursements to consultants and commission agents were effected without adequate records and controls sufficient to insure that such transfers and disbursements were actually made for the purposes indicated, and without adequate records and controls to document whether the services provided therefor, *if any* [italics added], have been commensurate with amounts paid." The recipients of "a substantial part of the $30 million . . . refused to confirm even the receipt of said funds."

Northrop consented on April 16, but without admitting or denying guilt; then the next day it said there was no fund. "The sum of approximately $30 million that was mentioned by the SEC consists of fees and sales commissions that have been paid or will be paid over a number of years in relation to sales of company products and services abroad," said Northrop. But the expurgated documents filed with the SEC indicate that agents in Middle East and Asian countries were involved in what the company itself labeled "unusual payments." Many of the payments apparently were made in countries where Northrop is selling its F-5 fighter planes.

There are indications that the Defense Department may have encouraged U.S. companies to offer bribes to Middle Eastern, Asian and Latin American agents in order to make sales. In a letter not previously made public, Josef K. Hoenig, assistant director for sales at the Defense Security Assistance Agency, explained to aerospace and electrical industry officials how payments could be made and for what purposes.

Hoenig's letter included a document entitled "Agent's Fee in the Middle East." The document reports that "one local agent had admitted to the writer that he has three members of the National Assembly (Parliament) of the country on retainer fees for the purpose of obtaining inner-circle intelligence and to promote the sales potential of his principal's product. Since most major defense contractors (both U.S. and foreign) have local agents for the express purpose of influencing a sale, it is no wonder that the decision-making process is complicated by conflicting points of view as to the proper equipment to acquire. Obviously the agent with the greatest margin of profit or percentage has a distinct advantage over those with a lesser fee in that greater 'influence' can be applied to all personnel in the government decision-making chain."

An indication of this "influence" may have occurred when Northrop's subsidiary Page Communications joined a consortium in 1969 to compete for a $130-million contract to install a national telephone system in Iran. A court-ordered audit of Northrop records showed that Page paid $3,566,000 to Iranian agents in 1971 and $428,000 in 1973. The telephone deal was completed late in 1973.

A Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee chaired by Sen. Frank Church has called United Brands and Gulf officials for closed-door conferences. Church, mentioned as a potential candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomi-

". . . So If Big Business Can Overthrow Foreign Governments, Let's Let Them Do It For Us."

nation, has been looking for a springboard to national prominence. The corporate slush funds that were disbursed by United Brands allegedly for bribes and by other companies for unknown purposes—possibly bribes—could be Church's opportunity. But he will probably uncover little meaningful information without an investigative staff or a large budget, neither of which he is likely to get. Regulatory investigators point out that the corporations, unless dragged by their heels into court, are resisting the experienced probers of the SEC and IRS. Both these agencies have the legal power to require disclosure for shareholder and income-tax purposes.

The uncovering of corporate funds for spending abroad may prove only what many have believed for a long time: that bribery is built into the political systems of underdeveloped countries, where the multinational corporations acquire most of their raw materials and, in the case of a Northrop, sell their arms. But it will also show painfully that not a few corporations are quite willing to take corrupt actions to guarantee a market and turn a profit.

In one of those ironic touches that history seems to enjoy, many of the corporate slush funds were started in the early 1960s, when President Kennedy was encouraging Americans to broaden their influence in the world. "Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price. . . . " Kennedy said in his inaugural address. Most Americans believed the price was to uphold U.S. integrity, not to slip cash under the table. □

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Foreign M.D.s in a Cockeyed System

GEORGE A. SILVER, M.D.

A few years back, the professional and scientific world added a new expression—"the brain drain"—to the language. The complaint was that we, the richest of all countries, were depleting the developing world of its most precious resource: expensively trained doctors who were needed to deal with the overwhelming burden of illness and disease in their own lands. But giving it a word did nothing to improve the situation; today it is, if anything, more than ever depressing.

Last year more than 11,000 foreign medical graduates entered the United States; if we had trained them here, their education would have cost $500 million. (That year we contributed about $65 million to the World Health Organization.) However, ramifications appear in this picture that make it rather more complex, although no less undesirable.

Medical care in the poor countries from which most of these graduates come is desperately short-handed, but the victims seem to be doing their part to make it so. The Philippines, source of the largest number of young doctors, has only a tenuous medical care system into which the graduates of their medical and nursing schools (many nurses also emigrate) can fit. They might go into private practice, but in the deprived areas there is no money and no national health service. It almost seems that the Philippine Government is training its medical students for export. A somewhat subtle confirmation of that assumption is the fact that since 1972 the United States will not give priority admissions to applicants whose country of origin designates their particular skills as being in short supply. Philippine doctors could not so easily enter the United States without the tacit consent of their own government. At the same time, the United States encourages this immigration. Doctors get special visas and priority admission, on the ground that they possess skills badly needed here. So the United States and the countries where the doctors are being produced seem to be in cahoots.

Recently, other arguments than brain drain have been mustered against the situation. Articles appearing in *Science, The New England Journal of Medicine, The Journal of the AMA, Medical Care* and *The Journal of Medical Education* have deplored the quality of foreign-trained doctors and their exploitation by our medical care system. The growth is alleged of a "black market" in foreign doctors of dubious competence. But some relatively objective viewers of the scene find in such concerns a growing nativism, related to the rise of unemployment and depression of the economy, since the problems have been with us, hardly attended to, for more than twenty years.

Others point out that U.S. medical schools receive almost 50,000 applications a year, of which only a quarter can be accepted (12,000 a year ago, probably 15,000 next year), despite huge investments in medical education, in building new schools and expanding old ones. Our medical education system, far from raising its level of productivity, manages to add 50 per cent more students while doubling the full-time faculty. All the same, if we are so desperately short of doctors that we must import them by the thousands, with no end in sight, why can't we train more ourselves from the reserve pool of equally qualified, but unadmitted American youngsters?

At present, more than 9,500 Philippine-born and -trained physicians are licensed and practicing in the United States. On the other hand, approximately 5,200 native black physicians are licensed and practicing in this country. We are adding (not allowing for those who die or retire from practice) about 300 black physicians a year. At the rate we are now recruiting from the Phillipines, we will add more than twice that number of Philippine doctors. We're taking no steps to correct this situation and we should.

More radical critics wonder if even the vaunted American entrepreneurial system itself is worth saving. Perhaps we should be reorganizing radically to make the best use of the talent we have (even if that means cutting doctors' average income a bit; it is said to be in the neighborhood of $65,000 a year) by improving the medical delivery system through group and neighborhood practice. Perhaps we should rely much more on paraprofessionals, rather than encourage immigration or produce more doctors who are conditioned by long, expensive schooling to expensive habits of practice.

In any case, foreign doctors are here and the expanded educational system to displace them, or the reorganized medical care system to make them unnecessary, is not. Why not make a virtue of necessity, stop beating our breasts about the "immorality" of the situation and use the doctors that flock in? Well, for one thing, they just don't "flock in." As I noted earlier, they are deliberately drawn in by advertisements and the active recruitment policies of hundreds of hospitals that could not possibly survive without the labor force thus attracted. Our medical care system, structured as it is to be a "doctors' workshop," cannot fulfill its obligations otherwise. Our mental hospitals would be substantially without medical staff. While 20 per cent of the doctors practicing here are from abroad (71,000 out of some 350,000), almost 40 per cent of hospital "house" staff are foreign. That is, of the 50,000 interns, residents and fellows performing our hospital services in a medical-learning-*cum*-service capacity, 20,000 are immigrants. And that does not count 14,000 others, not fully licensed, *not* in approved residency and training programs. In a predictable period of time, therefore, half the practitioners in the United States will be foreign-born!

That prospect raises urgent considerations of quality of training, language skill and, vitally important, the mutuality of understanding and background that enables a doctor to interpret symptoms and the patient to follow medical orders. As for quality of training, the matter is up in the air. Emphasis on laboratory and technical skills and complex diagnostic and therapeutic methodology, the hallmark of American medical education, is under attack here as contributing to the delinquency of the American medical

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practice and delivery system. We're being urged to select students who are less scientifically oriented, more humanistic, who will pay less attention to textbook formulations and more to community experience, human relationships. The Chinese model is touted—"barefoot doctors"; folk medicine is urged to supplement or even replace Western rational, scientific diagnosis and therapy—acupuncture. Navajo sand paintings. Sneakered, bearded doctors write for the popular press about the new breed of medics who will save the patient, create a new medical care system, improve quality and return us to the golden age—all at reduced cost.

In all likelihood, the doctors coming to us from the rest of the world's 1,000 medical schools have some of the recommended prerequisites now absent from American medicine. Their medical schools offer little laboratory training. The large size of their classes inhibits, if it does not altogether prevent, the one-to-one bedside teaching programs of U.S. medical schools. However, it is improbable that the graduates of those schools will be any more sensitive to the humanistic side, or less contemptuous of the folk-medicine side, of medicine than is the currently popular stereotype of the American doctor as impassive technician. In the poor countries, the students who get to medical school are as a rule the children of affluent or politically potent families—"elites," we would call them here in disparagement. Only 39 per cent of them pass our ECFMG (Educational Commission for Foreign Medical Graduates) examination each year, a test culled from the National Board questions given U.S. medical school graduates, which 98 per cent of *them* pass. (Ultimately, more than 60 per cent of the immigrants pass the examination, by taking it more than once.) It may be that language is an important factor, but U.S. students who have studied abroad do no better on that examination. It is required for foreign doctors who expect to practice here or eventually to take a state examination or go into specialty practice. It is unlikely that prejudice against foreigners enters into the failure rate of the ECFMG, although it may in state board exams. U.S. students who graduate from foreign medical schools have been found to have a 50 per cent better chance of getting state licenses than do their foreign-born classmates.

All in all, it would seem that quality of practice is an important factor in considering whether we can rest easy with the influx of doctors from overseas, though obviously we are dealing here only with averages. After all, half the U.S. Nobelists in the past twenty-five years were foreign-born, as are 20 per cent of the full-time teachers in the medical schools. In addition, the language and cultural expectation barriers must be very real. In almost all the correspondence generated on the subject by newspaper articles or television shows, the popular responses have been to language-cultural problems, not to professional excellence.

It is more to the point, perhaps, that because of the very factors that create the skewed demand and lead to the influx from abroad, the continued and increasing flow further perturbs and distorts the system. Foreign doctors do not fill the holes in our unsatisfactory delivery system by serving the needs of the poor and disadvantaged; they take jobs with the entrepreneur-dominated hospital services or go into private practice, particularly specialty practice. More than 75 per cent of the immigrant doctors who were licensed last year settled in twelve states and only 11 per cent of them practice in rural parts of the country, as compared with 20 per cent of native doctors. Only 2 per cent are registered in states that have the lowest doctor-patient ratios and presumably the greatest need. Again, only 12 per cent of the foreigners, compared to 18 per cent of U.S. doctors, designate "family practice" as their primary interest.

Twice as many foreign as native doctors fill the posts in mental hospitals, where presumably understanding the language and culture would be indispensable to appropriate diagnosis and therapy. This ratio reflects harshly on the U.S. medical educational system and its graduates, in that American doctors are trained in psychiatry almost entirely at public expense. The psychiatrists apparently value a lucrative private practice on ambulatory neurotic patients above institutional care of the mentally ill. And the government has exercised no constraints on this preference.

The problem, then, is considerably more complex than that of "brain drain" on the one hand, and U.S. trifling with "doctor shortage" on the other. The issues reflect an inept, increasingly unresponsive American medical care system, into which ever larger numbers of doctors can be fed without in any way relieving the defects or shortages. At the same time, they expose the flaws in the medical education and social systems of the developing countries that drive their young doctors over here. We "pull" them in with our meretricious, insatiable medical care system; they "push" them in with their socially irrelevant, elitist system of medical education and practice. And once they are here, we make no use of them to correct the defects in our system, exploiting the situation for the primary benefit of those who are the essential beneficiaries in any case—the doctors, hospital managers, providers and suppliers.

What is involved is not the influx of foreign doctors as such but the public policy issues that are touched by their presence: foreign relations for one, democratic philosophy for another. Quality of medical care is clearly a concern, but the structure of the American medical care system is a far more urgent concern. Solutions must be designed within the framework of public policy, for the problems are not merely, or even mainly, medical.

The solutions suggested are usually directed at cutting off the supply from abroad and, indeed, that might waken the public to the need for large-scale correction of the system. But it is a most harsh corrective, and better ones ought to be supplied. Senator Kennedy is always alert to social, and particularly health, problems, but sometimes at a level that fails to reach the basic causes. That is the case with his suggestion here. He would reduce the number of residency and internship slots available to foreign doctors, which would naturally discourage their immigration. However, it would discourage the better ones, ironically enough, and do nothing to discourage what has been called the "medical underground"—those immigrants who now fill the vacancies in the unapproved hospitals. And, since there will be proportionately more unapproved slots if the number of house staff places is reduced, the result might well be a general reduction in the qualifications of those who are admitted.

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Cutting off medical immigration altogether has an uncomfortable racist flavor. Not every young doctor comes here for crass financial reasons, or simple professional advancement, though that may be the motivating factor for many and some motivation for all. Democratic America still exerts a pull, Socialist and Communist argument, tribalism and nationalism elsewhere to the contrary notwithstanding. However, retention of the right of immigration without special right of entry would be fair. As of now the doctor has a privileged immigration status and a loosely observed exchange-visitor status.

More important, perhaps, would be a review of our whole cockeyed system of medical education and medical care, and a serious reassessment of our role in world health reponsibilities. We need to slow down our drive toward specialization in medical education anyway, because we are so distorting our medical care system that we may have to scrap it and start again from scratch. We do not need the heavy emphasis on research (two-thirds of medical school budgets!) and on specialty and sub-specialty training in hospital and postgraduate education. I will pass over the need to revamp the whole delivery system—costs, financing, organization and quality control—because it is the overheated subject of all the discussions on medical care in the United States today and may some day become the base for a national health service or (less desirable) national health insurance legislation. I believe that reducing specialty training along the lines that Senator Kennedy has also recommended, together with tightening special visa privileges, is indicated.

In addition, we can increase our number of trained physicians by helping to support U.S. citizens who wish to study abroad and can gain entry to schools that offer reasonably modern educational opportunities. Today, about 7,000 U.S. citizens are studying abroad (3,000 of them in Mexico) and the good foreign schools are taking steps to reduce the numbers of Americans who can enter—in part for financial reasons, in part to reserve places for their own citizens. We should be helping to improve the caliber of the teaching in schools that will continue to take American students, and we should do so in a responsible way. By that I mean, not forcing the failed U.S. medical educational model upon them, but helping them to obtain better teachers in their own style. In too many instances, the deficiencies of foreign medical education are related to the schools' inability to pay adequate salaries for full-time teachers; American money can help.

The United States would benefit from working with the World Health Organization to establish improved international standards of medical education and medical practice, because many of the better ideas about medical education, use of paraprofessionals, etc., would filter back to us. Ethnocentricity is an American disease. The degree to which the Ptolemaic concept of the United States as the center of medical education and medical practice has hardened the brains of American scientists is evident at international conferences. A more Copernican view of the medical universe may salvage American medical education.

Finally, since I do believe that we have a surplus of physicians, though badly distributed because of specialties and geography, I should explain why I think it is necessary to educate and train even more doctors. My own prejudice is to see medicine as the model of one world. In a very real sense, I believe health is indivisible, as peace was to Litvinov. I think that our country, which is still enormously wealthy, despite all that we and the Arabs have done to make it less so, should help to serve the world. We should be creating $500 million worth of medical workers for the world each year, not taking $500 million worth from the world. And eventually, perhaps, there will be a compulsory world service for doctors, even as now the United States is trying to develop a compulsory national service for medical graduates. □

KILLING THE SCOUTS

THE PORPOISE-TUNA CONNECTION

RANDALL R. REEVES

The U.S. delegation to the International Whaling Commission, now preparing for its annual June pilgrimage to the commission's deliberations in London, has recently found itself with some difficult explaining to do—thanks to the U.S. tuna industry. In the past fifteen years this efficient purse-seining fleet, operating mainly in the eastern tropical Pacific, has "unintentionally" killed more than a million oceanic porpoises, whose original numbers and capacity for recovery are completely unknown. As a result, the American position at the whale bargaining table has been seriously weakened.

This country's participation in deep-sea whaling had ended for economic reasons well before 1971, when the great whales were placed on the endangered list and America's last, struggling shore station, in California, was forced to close. While we cannot escape our share of blame in the early reduction of gray, right, bowhead, humpback and blue whale stocks, the Marine Mammal Protection Act of 1972 makes it unlikely that U.S. firms and citizens will be allowed to resume the killing of whales in the foreseeable future. U.S. commissioners to the International Whaling Commission have become fierce proponents of an international whaling moratorium; they have forcefully and ef-

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fectively insisted upon the determination of kill quotas by area and species rather than by the indiscriminate "blue-whale unit," upon the implementation of an international observer program to monitor the killing, and upon a total ban on the taking of species that are in immediate danger of extinction. But to Japan and Russia, the only two nations that authorize and encourage the continued slaughter of significant numbers of sperm, fin, sei, Bryde's and minke whales in the Antarctic and North Pacific, our tolerance of porpoise carnage as an incidental effect of commercial tuna fishing is a damning inconsistency.

Fishermen rely on herds of porpoises to help them locate schools of tuna. No one knows why the shoaling yellowfins (*Thunnus albacares*) are attracted to the air-breathing cetaceans. Some scientists speculate that locating food is involved in the relationship; others think predator detection may be the primary reason for the association. However, tuna can occasionally be found faithfully gathered beneath a floating log or a patch of seaweed, so their motivation may be something as unlikely as a bit of shade or some noisy mammalian company. In any case, the fisherman who discovers a tuna-porpoise complex can count on the tuna to remain underneath the porpoises, whose need for air forces them to the surface regularly and makes them easy to follow. Motorboats launched from the seiner chase the porpoises until the entire herd is encircled. Then, the submerged portion of the huge net is pursed shut, and the life within a substantial volume of ocean is entrapped. If the set is successful, more than 100 tons of tuna may be landed. In some sets as many as a thousand porpoises perish, to say nothing of the sharks, rays, turtles, bulletfish and other "trash" species that also turn up in the nets. The dead porpoises, most of whom suffocate or drown when their snouts or fins get tangled in the webbing, are removed and thrown overboard.

Three porpoise species, which are subdivided by presumably discrete stocks, are seriously affected by the tuna fishery. Spotters (*Stenella attenuata*) are the most vulnerable (and apparently the most abundant) species. The offshore stock is thought to number between 2 million and 5 million. In 1972 the estimated kill of spotted porpoises exceeded a quarter-million. The estimate for 1974 is slightly less than 100,000. Even assuming that the annual kill rate has decreased significantly over the past decade, government scientists admit that the present offshore stock may have been reduced to no more than a third of its original population level. Spinners (*Stenella longirostris*) and whitebellies (*Delphinus delphis*) are also killed by the tens of thousands each year. In addition, at least six other cetacean species are occasionally mixed in the catch.

The rate of incidental porpoise mortality has certainly declined. The porpoise kill per ton of yellowfin taken in the Central Yellowfin Regulatory Area, a huge Pacific Ocean tract where tuna quotas are established by the eight-nation Inter-American Tropical Tuna Commission, has dwindled from an estimated four animals in 1971 to just more than one in 1974. The American Tunaboat Association has optimistically predicted a total kill by Americans of 85,000 porpoises for the period October 21, 1974 through December 31, 1975. The association would, of course, like to take credit for the anticipated reduction. As one fisherman testified before Congress last summer:

> We in the industry are aware and deeply concerned. We are endeavoring all efforts to solve this problem and our progress in curtailment, in my opinion, is very good. I have seen many men, many times at the risk of injury, go to the aid of and free a porpoise. The fishermen are very sensitive and truly compassionate in this regard.

The fishermen argue that since their livelihoods depend on the "cooperation" of porpoises, they have a bigger stake than anyone in the maintenance of the stocks. They also know that drowned porpoises entangled in their nets are a

Raoul Dufy (from *The Bestiary* by G. Apollinaire)

nuisance and that overall efficiency of the purse-seining operation is enhanced if the live mammals can be neatly released.

Indeed, after two years of gear research undertaken by National Marine Fisheries Service (NMFS) technicians, the only important technological innovations for releasing more porpoises have been made by the fishermen themselves. The backing-down process by which some of the porpoises are allowed to swim over the corkline to freedom and the Medina safety panel, a 2-inch mesh strip of netting installed in the back-down area to prevent snout and appendage entanglement, are standard features of modern purse seining. Both were devised by tuna-boat skippers and have recently been incorporated in NMFS regulations.

Gear and technique development aside, NMFS scientists concede that the porpoises themselves may deserve some of the credit for their own salvation. Certain figures suggest that porpoises are becoming more difficult to pursue: the frequency of "very long chases" has increased, and a higher proportion of sets are deemed "complete failures," that is, they fail to entrap any porpoises or tuna. Reports by government observers, who are placed on a sample of tuna boats to accumulate data, are flecked with references to "the untouchables"—porpoises (usually whitebellies)

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that consistently outrun or outmaneuver the chaser boats.

An impartial panel of scientists under the leadership of Dr. Norman J. Wilimovsky, asked to review the NMFS tuna-porpoise draft report that was filed last fall, offers a more sobering analysis of the kill-per-set and kill-per-ton-of-tuna decrease. Their study indicates that the drop in reported kill estimates may reflect stock depletion more than improved fishing methods. They note that more than a third of newborn offshore spotted porpoises die in the first year of life. Of course many die from natural causes, but it seems safe to assume that "delayed mortality induced by traumas imposed by the fishing operations" is a significant factor in bringing about such a high infant mortality rate.

A standard tenet of population biology says that most mammalian species respond to exploitation, at least initially, with an increase in birth rate. As exploitation reduces competition for food and habitat, more offspring are produced each year, and more young animals survive. However, in the case of these harried porpoises there is reason to wonder whether the conventional assumption is applicable. Relentless harassment and the indiscriminate nature of this kind of "incidental" exploitation may combine to offset the usual pattern of increase.

Alix Jay, a one-time tuna fisherman who now publishes his own polemic against the industry (*The Porpoise News*) from his farm home in New Hampshire, describes the harassment this way: "The speedboats terrify the porpoises, wreck their hearing, break up their breathing patterns, separate mothers from infants, and cause pregnant cows to miscarry from fright." Observer reports include notations describing lactating mothers piled dead on the decks, while estranged babies swim frantically just outside the nets. Whether or not such abandoned infants are adopted and nursed by surviving adults is a question no scientist can answer. In fact, the relationships among porpoises of various ages, sex and family groups are as inscrutable as ever.

If the porpoise stocks were being harvested as the primary target of the fishery, the kill might be managed in a way that would minimize the taking of females and immature animals. In the case of North Pacific fur seals, a classic example of prudent management of an exploited marine resource, only nonproductive males are "cropped" from the population each year. Replacement is assured as long as productive bulls, females and infants are left alone. In the tuna purse-seine fishery, however, where porpoise mortality is but incidental to pursuit of the fish, the killing is probably skewed toward the least "expendable" part of the population. The above-mentioned panel of scientists contends that "available data suggest the possibility of a differentially high incidental take of female offshore spotted porpoises." If in fact the incursion on female and immature segments of the population is greater than it is on adult males, then the damage may be more serious than has been assumed.

Dr. Kenneth Norris, a cetologist at the University of California at Santa Cruz, has spent much of his life trying to understand the complex communication and echo-location systems of small cetaceans. He is concerned that the government's porpoise body-count tells but part of the story. In *The Porpoise Watcher* Dr. Norris describes the aftermath of a set on porpoises: "Some [porpoises] who have escaped race in disorientation into the melee of patrolling sharks outside the net and are killed amid greenish clouds of blood. How many die there no one knows." He goes on to underscore the ecological unknowns of tuna purse seining:

> We know so little of the biology of oceanic porpoises that we cannot say what the impact upon their population will be. We don't know how many porpoises are involved and we don't know their normal replacement rate. We don't know whether porpoises within the tuna-fishing area are sedentary and hence subject to great fishing pressure, or whether they move long distances and thus move in and out of danger. The affected population size may be very much greater than the number of porpoises found at one time in the tuna area. Our ignorance of these and other vital facts is deep.

Conservation groups have coalesced under the rubric of Washington-based Project Monitor to challenge the adequacy of NMFS controls on the tuna industry, and to suggest ways by which the porpoise kill might be further reduced. Bernard Fensterwald of the Committee for Humane Legislation argues that the U.S. tuna fleet should be forced to return to bait fishing. Christine Stevens of the Society for Animal Protective Legislation has urged Congress to impose a high fee on the individual fisherman for each porpoise he kills. Lewis Regenstein of the Fund for Animals supports legislation that would transfer responsibility for porpoise conservation from the profit-oriented Commerce Department to the more conservation-minded Department of the Interior. Milton Kaufman, director of Project Monitor, would like to see the government impose a maximum on the number of porpoises that can be killed in a given fishing season. When that number is reached, "fishing on porpoises" would have to stop.

The Commerce Department's beleaguered NMFS, sandwiched between the increasingly militant conservationists and the powerful, articulate tuna lobby, claims that it is hamstrung by its legislative mandate. A conference report by Rep. John Dingell, who as chairman of the Fisheries and Wildlife Conservation Subcommittee of House Merchant Marine and Fisheries engineered the Marine Mammal Protection Act through Congress, states:

> It is not the intent of Congress to shut down or significantly curtail the activities of the tuna fleet so long as the Secretary (of Commerce) is satisfied that the tuna fishermen are using economically and technologically practicable measures to assure minimal hazards to marine mammal populations.

Like the International Whaling Commission, which was simply established to insure the profit of the whaling companies for years to come, the NMFS is reluctant to impose serious sanctions on the tuna industry until scientists can prove beyond doubt that porpoise populations are in danger of extinction. Of course the wide-ranging porpoises, like their larger cousins the whales, defy the meagerly funded efforts of biologists to learn something about them, and it will be many years before scientists can make definitive assertions. During the past two years less than $1 million has been invested in tuna-porpoise research, and less than half of that is envisaged for the current fiscal year.

The fishermen themselves are in a difficult bind. Kenneth Norris summarizes their predicament: "The tuna

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fishermen, caught between the economics of their business, in which a fast trip is a rich one, their feeling for the porpoises, and pressure from the bank that holds a mortgage on their boat, strike an unsatisfactory compromise." With huge amounts of capital invested in their purse-seining equipment, the fishermen are not about to return to bait fishing or to redirect their efforts from yellowfin to other tuna species. (Bluefin and albacore are never taken in association with porpoises; nor are most skipjack.) As they feel the pinch of competition from the growing purse-seining fleets of Canada, France, Japan and numerous Latin American countries, the U.S. fishermen see the aid of porpoises as more and more critical to their prosperity. To make matters worse, the U.S. tuna lobby appears to have lost its struggle to prevent the State Department from accepting the principle of a 200-mile economic zone at Law of the Sea negotiations. While coastal fishermen in New England and the Pacific Northwest can't wait for a treaty to be signed, the distant-water tuna men fear the day when the rich coastal waters off Peru and Ecuador will become officially off limits.

The conservationists, frustrated by the unwillingness of either Congress, the Commerce Department or the tuna industry to curb the porpoise slaughter, have taken the battle to the courts and to the cash register. A suit filed last October by the Committee for Humane Legislation and supported by the Environmental Defense Fund sought unsuccessfully to enjoin the U.S. tuna fleet from setting on porpoises during the 1975 season. More lawsuits are inevitable if no dramatic technological breakthrough for saving more porpoises is made. Meanwhile, many animal lovers have begun to boycott light-meat tuna (as yellowfin is labeled) in the hope that economic pressure will accomplish what lobbying and litigating have not. The tuna industry and NMFS response to such tactics is to point out that American manpower and capital may simply sell out to foreign interests, whose governments and populaces are more concerned with profit and protein than with the welfare of the world's porpoises.

The International Whaling commissioners from Japan and Russia are likely to remain cool to American pleas for stricter limits on the take of great whales. Just as the Russian and Japanese whalers seem more concerned with excessive short-term profits than with long-term, sustainable resource yields, the American tuna industry appears eager to get what it can before overexploitation brings on the inevitable collapse of tuna and porpoise stocks in the central and eastern Pacific. Our determination to disregard the natural equilibrium of virtually every life system on or near land has extended now to the frail balance of life in the deep seas. If porpoises are as intelligent as many people believe them to be, they may end their association with tuna and learn to shun contact with man. In any event, our relationship with these charming creatures that Melville dubbed "the lads that always live before the wind" has lost its innocence. We have made ourselves, for the moment at least, their adversaries; and if the killing continues, we may lose their company forever. □

'SWAT': THE POLICE BERETS

LARRY REMER

Los Angeles

Five men in flak jackets, toting automatic weapons, crawl through the brush surrounding the house. From a nearby armor-plated van laden with additional weapons and equipment, another man barks instructions into a radio. Suddenly, shouted warnings and bursts of gunfire shatter the early morning quiet. Another team of men, with added fire power, is directed onto the scene. Before the echoes die, the windows and doors of the wood frame house are riddled with bullets and tear gas wafts into the yard.

Since the May 1974 shoot-out between the Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA) and the Los Angeles Police Department, this training scene has been repeated with increased frequency by police departments across the country. First developed in Los Angeles, SWAT—an acronym for Special Weapons and Tactics—has been seized upon by law enforcement as the primary tool for dealing with the "terrorist threat" of the 1970s. SWAT is to police forces what the Green Berets are to the Army: an elite corps of specially trained, well-equipped experts in the arts of counterinsurgency warfare. Declares Sgt. Bernie Remas, a founding member of Los Angeles SWAT, "Those people out there—the radicals, the revolutionaries and the cop haters—are damned good at using shotguns and bombs, and setting up ambushes. We've got to be even better."

The Los Angeles police first developed SWAT in the winter of 1967-68. Brutal police repression in the city's black and brown ghettos had followed the 1965 Watts rebellion and local activists had begun to organize for community self-defense. The police sought to develop means to combat organizations like the Black Panther Party. SWAT was commissioned to "merge police and military strategies under those conditions requiring special tactics." Borrowing methods developed by U.S. troops in Vietnam, SWAT was intended to "neutralize guerrilla or terrorist operations directed against government personnel, property or the general populace."

SWAT members in Los Angeles are recruited from within the police department. Most of them are Vietnam or Korean combat veterans; all are white. "We're primarily cadre," Lieut. Bob Smitson, SWAT platoon leader, told reporters. "Each team member receives more than 1,000 hours of instruction in subjects such as guerrilla warfare, scouting and patrolling, night operations, camouflage and concealment, combat in cities, first aid, chemical warfare and ambushes."

Each SWAT member carries needed equipment in his car and is on twenty-four-hour call. A specially built

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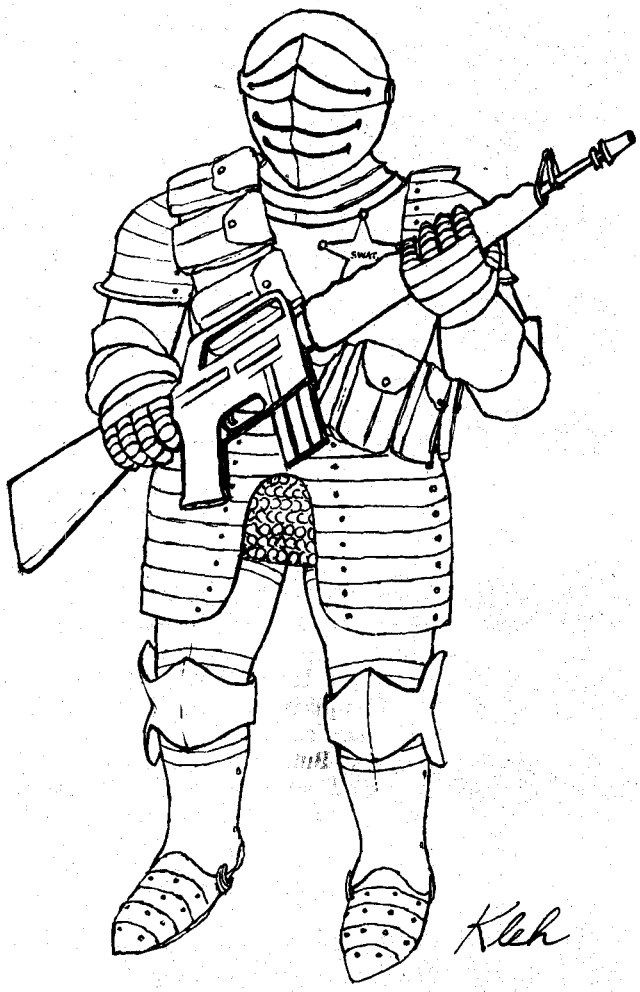
armored van stockpiled with equipment is ready for use at all times. SWAT teams closely resemble the combat units from which they sprang. Five-man squads consist of a team leader, a marksman, an observer, a scout and a rear guard. The team leader is in touch with the command post and controls the tactical operation. He is armed with an AR-15, the semi-automatic version of the M-16. The observer spots for the marksman and provides cover. He also carries an AR-15. The marksman carries a high-powered, bolt-action rifle with a scope and can act as a sniper. Both the scout and the rear guard tote 12-gauge riot shotguns for use against barricaded suspects. They also double as grenadiers when gas is used.

Originally Los Angeles SWAT trained at the Marine Corps' Camp Pendleton base, 50 miles to the south, but in 1971 the police acquired a Hollywood back lot. There the staccato of gunfire and pop of tear gas can be heard daily as SWAT goes through maneuvers. "We can fake a bank robbery, stage a riot, set up a sniper, or practice taking a barricaded gunman out of a house," Smitson explains. "These guys have to run, crawl, do push-ups and complete the routine of academy exercises to stay in shape. The sense of fear will carry a cop only so far.

SWAT's baptism of fire occurred at 5:30 A.M. on December 8, 1969, when more than 140 police surrounded the Black Panther Party headquarters at Central Avenue and 41st Street. It was four days after Chicago police had raided the Illinois Black Panther Party office and killed Fred Hampton while he lay sleeping. With snipers providing cover from surrounding buildings, four SWAT officers in flak jackets and steel helmets broke down the door with a battering ram for the ostensible purpose of serving a warrant. In the exchange of fire that followed, three Panthers and three SWAT members were wounded. During the four-hour siege more than 500 police officers were mobilized; a tank was borrowed from the National Guard and brought onto the scene; and SWAT officers attempted to enter the building by blowing holes in the roof with dynamite. At 9:45 A.M. thirteen men and women walked out of the Panther headquarters and surrendered to police. Two years later, a Los Angeles jury acquitted the thirteen of all serious charges arising from the shoot-out.



In 1974, SWAT and the SLA fought it out in a Los Angeles ghetto before a live national TV audience. Early on that afternoon, May 17, plans were made for a house-to-house search of the neighborhood where the SLA was believed to be hiding. The 5 P.M. discovery of their hideout at 1466 Compton brought SWAT into action. The first surrender orders were given at 5:44 P.M. An 8-year-old boy and a man, both black, emerged from the house. More surrender orders were given but there was no response. Within minutes a gas attack had been launched and the "battle" had begun.

More than 400 police were called out to augment the twenty-nine SWAT team members and seven FBI agents who participated in the actual fire fight. Sheriffs' helicopters circled overhead. More than 5,000 rounds of ammunition and eighty tear-gas canisters were fired into the dwelling. Requests for fragmentation grenades and machine guns by SWAT officers were denied by higher officials. Within ninety minutes the house was engulfed in flames and six members of the SLA lay dead inside.

In the aftermath, police attributed the "victory" to SWAT's training and readiness. Departments across the country rushed to develop SWAT units of their own. The Justice Department gave a $140,000 LEAA grant to a San Diego police sergeant who organized his local SWAT unit to develop a program and write a manual detailing how SWAT is recruited, trained, equipped and organized. The FBI has made available its academy in Quantico, Va., for training local police in SWAT and Sniper Suppression. A Secret Service course is offered for SWAT officers wishing to learn about "Protective Operations." And at the U.S. Army Research Institute in Fort Belvoir, Va., SWAT members from coast to coast study the latest techniques in police mobility and tactics. In the meantime, a weekly network television series which extolls the virtues of SWAT, prepares the public to accept the high level of violence that accompanies its use.

As law enforcement rushes to institute SWAT, tragedy is inevitably the result. In Oceanside, Calif., early this year a 15-year-old hostage was mistakenly killed by an overzealous SWAT officer. Subsequent investigations showed that the sheriff's deputy involved in the incident had "mistakenly" been given a "shoot-to-kill" order. As SWAT spreads across the country, incidents like these may become commonplace. The militarization of the police, which seems to be the trend of the 1970s, will increase as long as law enforcement persists in "them-or-us" attitudes toward crime and social unrest. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Rational Comes Easy, Reasonable Is Harder

THE LIMITS OF ORGANIZATION. *By Kenneth J. Arrow. W.W. Norton & Co. 86 pp. $4.95.*

VICTOR LEBOW

The Fels Center for Government invited Professor Arrow to deliver the Fels lectures for 1970-71 on Public Policy Analysis. This slim volume, published a year ago, is the product. It is a highly concentrated, rigorously logical analysis of the elements essential to the existence, functioning and degree of efficiency of any organization, be it a firm, a political party, or the state itself.

Not surprisingly, Arrow, who was awarded a Nobel Prize in economics, approaches his subject as an economist. However, he draws upon political science, systems theory, information and communication theories, and sociological and psychological factors that illuminate his theses. The function of the market plays a steady obbligato to each theme, whether it is the role of the individual in society, the inherent limitations of most goals, the restrictions on opportunity or the relation of authority to responsibility in determining the life cycle of any organization. His writing is studded with comments that suggest truly explosive ideas, e.g., "From the viewpoint of economic theory, the value of authority is no guarantee of its existence and viability. Only in the presence of a smoothly working, ideal price system is it true that needs are matched by deeds. But an organization is, I have argued, precisely a means of handling social functions when the price system fails." When stated in terms of the role of special interests in the governance of the people, the reasons for the lack of distributive justice are more obvious, but here Arrow, in his understated fashion, appears to attribute the source of that injustice to the market and its price system, and also assigns to the state the role of protector and perpetuator of the injustices in society.

The material of Arrow's book is compact and intricately woven. He provides very few examples by way of illustration, preferring to develop his thinking in the abstract. It may therefore be useful to apply to the world we know some of the ideas Arrow suggests.

"An economist by training thinks of himself as the guardian of rationality, the ascriber of that rationality to others, and the prescriber of rationality to the social world. It is this role that I will play." Alas, it is a role an economist can play only in the lecture hall. When we contemplate the worldwide inflation, the idiotic fiscal and financial policies of the past decade particularly, the floundering of the Federal Reserve Board and the increasingly lunatic soothsaying of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, one despairs of finding a modicum of rationality among the Establishment economists. There is a frustration basic to the attempt to apply rationality to economics—its fruits are offered to irrational beings, individuals in whose value systems the exercise, retention and extension of power play dominant roles.

"Whatever else we mean by better or efficient, we certainly mean the following: one situation, one system, or one allocation is better than another if every individual feels it is better according to his own individual values." This statement requires obvious qualifications which Arrow attempts to supply, but he returns to the altar of his creed when he writes (in connection with the criteria associated with the term distributive justice), "Now within this context and under very special assumptions . . . it is shown that efficiency can be achieved through a particular kind of social system, the price system." It would be unfair to leave a false impression of his reasoning, for he also makes it clear that "the idealization of freedom through the market completely ignores the fact that this freedom can be, to a large number of people, very limited in scope. . . . The price system can be attacked on the grounds that it harnesses motives which our ethical systems frequently condemn. It makes a virtue of selfishness." Arrow is a humanist, and throughout his weaving of many complex themes he shows his concern for the victims of the innate injustices of the price system and his awareness of the social costs of private enterprise as, for example, in the form of pollution of air and water. He looks to government to help right the wrongs, the injustices and the maldistribution of income and opportunity. But, he has to add, at some point we must have a relation of pure power.

He introduces the subject of the part information must play in organization with a discussion of the element of uncertainty which, he emphasizes, is a special failure of the price system and "one that is absolutely central to the understanding of organizations." He talks of one way in which the price system attempts to meet this problem through the device of the contingent contract, as in the cases of the cost-plus contract, and insurance policies. Clearly, the amount and quality of information available determine the degree of risk in such contracts. A current example of an extension of the issue involved, reported in *The Wall Street Journal*, is the reluctance of many firms to lower prices in their fear of new price controls.

Arrow then turns to an inquiry into the characteristics of information and the costs and benefits in general of various information channels. Arrow considers information costs as capital costs, and not merely when it comes to such physical aspects of communication as telephone lines, but in the investment of time and effort needed to learn how to distinguish one "signal" from another, whether it be in learning a foreign language or in mastering the technical vocabulary of any science. Today, with the ubiquitous whirring reels and blinking eyes of our omnivorous electronic data accumulators and disgorgers of information, we can see clearly enough the relevance of his views on the investment in information. But, he says, the value of any information channel is uncertain; it resembles the economics of demand for inventories under conditions of uncertainty. And accidents of history can play a bigger role in suddenly relegating acquired information to the dead files than can the slower changes of attrition. But once the investment is made and an information channel acquired, it is cheaper to keep on using it than to invest in new channels. Here, phrased as theory, is an explanation of that rigidity which has marked our social and political leadership for most of this century and has made America both the most affluent of capitalist nations

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and, at the same time, the most backward of all the "welfare states."

From his discussions of rationality, both individual and social, and the role of information in organization, Arrow proceeds to two major themes: the evolution of agenda for organizations, and the intricate relationship of authority and responsibility.

Some items thrust themselves upon the agenda of organizations, as did unemployment insurance upon the federal government during the Great Depression of the 1930s, or the pressures that resulted in the Full Employment Act of 1946. In the case of business firms many "innovations," he points out, are simply a matter of putting an item on agenda before other firms do. The year 1975 is going to see many such new agenda items being forced upon President Ford in spite of his ultraconservative ideology. Arrow sees decisions as a function of the information received. Thus, when the information remains unchanged, no decision is made, or "more precisely, the implicit decision is made not to change the values of certain variables." The resistance to the idea of phasing out the automobile in favor of mass transit to the utmost possible extent is an example of such "no-decision" passivity. The extent to which Americans have blocked out of their consciousness the significance of the exhaustion of fossil fuels and the world food crisis, is another example of "no decision"—this time arising from the neglect of available information. Of course, there are also the roles of special interests to take into account, a factor not considered by Arrow in this context. Generally, the collection of information may suffer from surfeit, or it may be deficient in what should be relevant and decisive areas. The failure of many of our regulatory bodies, and of many Congressional inquiries, is perhaps attributable chiefly to the latter. Consider how long the oil interests manipulated Americans before our present energy imbroglio began to force the relevant information upon the consciousness of our people.

An organization can acquire and digest more information than any one individual; naturally, the information has to be coordinated to be of any value. Interestingly enough, Arrow's comment here is that economies of information within an organization occur because in fact much of the information is irrelevant. "The terminal acts within the competence of the organization do not require for assessment the entire probability distribution of states of the world but only some marginal distributions derived from it." Now, when the environment of an organization has changed considerably, there may be implications for a reduction of informational efficiency. For this reviewer, a prime example of this phenomenon, with horrifying results, was the reception given to the State Department's "White Paper" on China, published in 1949. There was the record of Chiang Kai-shek and the corruption of his regime, as well as his treason to the Chinese people, but in the hands of the "cold warriors" and Joe McCarthy it was turned into a vendetta against the superb corps of China specialists in the department.

Since organizations are composed of changing individuals, any one person has access to many channels of communication besides those available to the organization. Education is such a channel, and the organization gets the benefit of that free. As this reviewer has pointed out elsewhere, the investment in the education of the individual by family and state is actually a social cost which is not assessed upon the organization—typically, a corporate business run for private profit—which ultimately benefits from it. And since education is often a primary source of new information, the author observes, it is introduced into the organization by its newest and youngest members. Thus, there opens the possibility of changes in the agenda of the organization through these generational changes. It might be interesting to speculate how this process will affect the attitudes of a new generation of business managers toward the rising demand for corporate social responsibility.

Finally, Arrow turns to the interwoven relationship of authority and responsibility in organizations. Decisions are made by some persons and carried out by others. The author distinguishes between personal and impersonal authority. Under the latter would come the legal code, standards of conduct, codes of ethics in the professions—and traffic lights on the streets. Generally, impersonal authoritative codes are a necessity in society, and they have the advantage of greater predictability along with the disadvantage of less flexibility. He quotes Herbert Simon's comment that an employment contract is actually a contract on the part of the employee to accept authority. (He differs with the Marxist view of labor in that he sees it as a contract involving a personal relation as against a contract to purchase a commodity.) He makes the point that authority is weakest in the professions. The behavior of the medical profession in relation to its exploitation of Medicaid and Medicare is an example he might have suggested of how inadequate the sanctions of professional ethics are in practice.

In times when authority is questioned and its roots examined, the locus of authority may shift from sacred individuals to impersonal principles, and Arrow's examples are the English and American Revolutions of the 17th and 18th centuries. Or, as we have seen in our own time, the shift may be from impersonal principles to charismatic leaders, as in the Fascist movements of this century. Today, one might add, we are witnessing a decline of authority all over the world except in the most rigidly policed authoritarian states.

Aside from the extreme reactions, the usual response in times of disturbance is the call for responsibility, for authority to perform its functional role, subject to corrective action by its subjects. The system of checks and balances built into the English and American systems reflects an innate suspicion of those in authority. It is hardly necessary to remark that the United States has just gone through a traumatic lesson in the need for continuing suspicion of authority and insistence upon responsibility. One might add that the recent turnover in Congress and the rising clamor of criticism of the regulatory agencies are evidence that the lesson has taken effect. But, Arrow comments, even elections have intrinsic shortcomings as a means of enforcing responsibility, since they "cannot differentiate among the myriads of specific issues but rather make decisions on a sort of average." We are as a nation too large, unwieldy and abysmally uninformed to submit every issue of any importance to a referendum, as is done in Switzerland.

Of course, the argument for the unquestioned functioning of authority is strongest in the case of the military; as Arrow points out, the military is the prototypal organization which has grown into the modern state.

In Arrow's terms, the alternative to authority would be consensus. As we have seen, this was implicit in Nixon's concept of the "silent majority" of Middle America, its white, Protestant, small-town inhabitants. As for consensus forced upon a people, we have examples in the Communist states and in the Fascist and semi-Fascist regimes. In as heterogeneous a nation as the United States, with its huge disparities in income, living conditions and opportunity, consensus is probably a utopian vision. But in this whole area, the amount and quality of information available to all plays an important role. As Arrow presents the case, where information is the same for all but interests differ, social conflict can result,

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and one path to peaceful resolution of such conflict is bargaining.

For Arrow, the existence of sanctions is not a sufficient condition for obedience to authority. "Ultimately, it seems to me, authority is viable to the extent that it is the focus of convergent expectations." But, he says, authority must be visible and respected. When its recognition vanishes, there is a collapse of long established authority. Probably the history of the Bolshevik revolution is as good an example as any for our times. Following such a collapse, there is the pressure to either restore authority or create a new one. The establishment in the Soviet Union of the "dictatorship of the proletariat" illustrates that sequence, as have the recent events in Greece.

Arrow emphasizes that authority must be held responsible for achieving the goals of the organization, be it firm, party or state. Irresponsible authority corrodes both those who wield it and those subject to it. Failure to make information available, failure to use it, leads to unnecessary error. An overload of information may be damaging as well, since there is a tendency in that case to "filter information in accordance with one's preconceptions." As Arrow points out, military history from Pearl Harbor to Vietnam is filled "with dismal and disastrous examples." One might add the Israeli failure to evaluate its own intelligence reports without pride and prejudice in the Yom Kippur war of 1973.

There remains the necessity of reconciling the values of authority and of responsibility. To maintain the value of authority, responsibility must be intermittent, perhaps periodic, or perhaps be exercised whenever performance falls below expectation. Arrow urges the establishment of review groups to which charges of errors can be referred and also some means of insuring that the findings are not disregarded by authority. Therefore, there must be some element of authority given to any review agency.

He concludes that authority "is undoubtedly a necessity for successful achievement of an organization's goals, but it will have to be responsible either to some form of constitutional planned review and exposure or to irregular and fluctuating tides of disobedience." This is, in short, a book within whose narrow confines there is a remarkable wealth of wisdom. □

With One Symphony to Her Credit

ON BEING TOLD THAT HER SECOND HUSBAND HAS TAKEN HIS FIRST LOVER. *By Tess Slesinger. Quadrangle/The New York Times Book Co. 396 pp. Paper $3.95.*

ELINOR LANGER

There are no mysteries about Tess Slesinger's work. No literary cabal turned its magic against her; no aesthetic currents changed direction to bury her monuments in the sand. She simply died, in 1945, at 39, leaving behind one novel, a dozen short stories published as a book, *Time: The Present*, and a very few scattered other pieces—a story or two and some brief reviews. *On Being Told . . .* is the story collection retitled. If there are other treasures besides the screenplays for a few Hollywood movies, including *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* and *The Good Earth*, a day at the library failed to uncover them. She also left a family, her second husband, a producer named Frank Davis, and two small children. It is as sad to think of her, deprived of the fruits of adulthood, as it is to think of ourselves, her impersonal audience, deprived of her mature writing, because she was clearly a person who relished experience. Dying young, she missed a lot of scenes she would have liked to watch.

It is hard to get a fix on a body of work so small. Generalization seems pretentious, too thinly based. There is a danger that Slesinger herself will get lost in it. She has been linked in reviews and commentaries with Katherine Mansfield, Virginia Woolf, Dorothy Parker and Mary McCarthy, and it is true that she shares with these writers a meticulous prose style and a cold eye. But follow that out, and soon you are writing about "feminine sensibility," not Tess Slesinger. Link her with the 1930s, and before you know it you are discussing the curious publishing history of *The Unpossessed* or making familiar mouthings about self-deceiving fellow travelers and impotent Trotskyists. She can become mere allusion, an item. It is easy to miss her distinctive toughness, her combination of objectivity and radicalism. Whether her radicalism was really more than Upper West Side liberalism—a Jewish cultural heritage plus a New York intellectual milieu—I don't know. She attended the Ethical Culture School and in 1927 was graduated from the Columbia School of Journalism; she was an assistant fashion editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* and an assistant literary critic for the New York *Evening Post*. But radicalism is a presence in her work, a foundation, and it distinguishes her from the women writers mentioned before both in her choice of subjects and in her attitudes toward them. Something distinguishes her from the officially radical writers of the 1930s as well. She is more polished, urbane, sophisticated; in a sense more popular. She published in *Vanity Fair, Redbook* and *American Mercury*—not *The Nation, The New Republic* or the *New Masses*. She is not included in any of the most readily available anthologies of the literature of the depression. No one was writing fiction like *The Unpossessed* in 1934. She was of the movement, yet different from it. And she worked from a female point of view. Is there another writer who might have begun a book: "Mr. Papenmeyer was ashamed of his celery"?

The posturing of intellectuals who would like to act but remain stationary, their futile anguish, is the theme of *The Unpossessed*. It is an important theme and Slesinger was prescient about it. It obviously came close to home. It is through women's eyes that the personal emptiness of the radical intellectual men is displayed. Their political impotence is mirrored by their inability to love. The book is built around three pairs of men and women. Miles Flinders is a sour, repressed New Englander, a puritan radical, working at an unspecified routine job. He is afraid of love, afraid of sex. Margaret Flinders is introspective and bright. Two-sided, modern enough to be aware of her ambivalence toward Miles and marriage, old-fashioned enough to regret it, she is usually seen one-sided, through Miles's love and hate of her: "He knew she was there, a pillar of consciousness, awake to his smallest movement, ready to open and take him if he asked in the subtlest way; ready, her face gone 'balmy' with ecstasy, to swallow him whole. . . . He wanted to breathe in his own private rhythm. The nearness of her female flesh . . . surrounding him with a warmth he did not want, was stifling." Margaret finds herself, however, cold. "My God," she thinks, "we are sterile; we are too horribly girlish for our age, too mannish (with our cigarettes, our jobs, our drying lips) for our sex. . . . Was this what my mother meant for me, sending me off to college, a book of Ibsen under my eager arm? O Economic-Independence Votes-for-Women Sex Equality! You've relieved us of our

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screens and embroidery hoops, our babies and our vertigo; and given us—a cigarette, a pencil in our hair."

The second couple, Bruno and Elizabeth Leonard, are not husband and wife. They are cousins who have loved each other since childhood without having the courage to admit it. Bruno, who is the book's male lead, and the worst of the lot, is a professor. He is the most self-deprecating because he is the most brilliant; he is arid; he destroys. Elizabeth, in part by taking Bruno's advice—"be free; be casual"—has become "modern" and hates it, riding what she calls "the fast-express, the non-stop, non-loving, twentieth century unlimited, the haywire cocktail express, the gay-and-happy sex express, hell-bent for nowhere. . . ." I play the game like a man, she says. She sleeps around, drinks and smokes, picks up strangers—and when she falls in love, talks tough and splits, because she can't face the need she really has. "If I ever should slip up and get married," she tells the lover whom she is leaving to return (once more) to Bruno, "I'd want a relationship, not an arrangement." Next she is crying into the pillow, unheard, for him to make her stay; when he tries, she goes.

Of Norah and Jeffrey Blake, the third couple, there is less to be said. Norah is an Elsie-the-cow; Jeffrey, a novelist, is a conventional rake whose self-knowledge is at the level of his frequently tested one-line seduction gimmick: "I am something of a lone wolf."

The couples are linked through the men. Miles, Bruno and Jeffrey were a noted radical (perhaps pacifist) triumvirate in their own college years, more than a decade earlier. Their friendship is kept alive by their periodic revival of interest in a common project, starting a magazine to represent their politics—revolutionary, but keeping faith with art. Actually doing it is a test. Do they believe in themselves or not? The motions toward making the magazine real—the moments of decision, the steps taken, the file cabinet ordered—are paralleled by moments of hope in the lives of the couples. The reach for integrity is a reach for life. Bruno calls Elizabeth home from Europe and she comes; maybe this time. . . .Margaret Flinders is going to defy the political convictions of her crowd and have a baby; and Miles loves her.

It all comes together, and it all falls apart, at a cocktail party set to raise funds for the magazine. If there were no other reason for reading this book, the party scene would be enough. It is the original study of radical chic, and I have not encountered anything in the literature of either the 1930s or the 1960s that is its equal. It has a vast cast, with assorted relations to the event: the host and hostess, cynical, cuckolded but blunt businessman Al Middleton and his sad-false social-climbing wife Merle; the younger revolutionary generation of the 1930s, Bruno's students, who are known as the Black Sheep; one Negro; the undeterred wife whose stockbroker husband has just gone to jail for embezzling; the old, deaf brother-and-sister couple, pillars of New York Waspdom; the frustrated bandleader who had wanted to be a composer. The leading characters are thoroughly supported. Bruno, late and drunk, rises to make the master pitch. But his notes are gone, torn up by Emmett Middleton, son of the host family, a student who has become Bruno's amanuensis (and his foil: standing between him and Elizabeth), a spoiled jealous boy who has used his adoration of his professor to escape his family. Bruno improvises a long bitter speech received by the guests as entertainment:

> "Are we as intellectuals going to remain sitting on the fence, watching Christian Science fight with Freud? Are we going to twiddle our thumbs and stew in our juices while the world is on the breadlines, the redlines, the deadlines? Are we going to dope ourselves and stuff ourselves, intoxicate ourselves, anaesthetize ourselves against all decent feelings—and meanwhile miss the bus?" He tottered, swayed; the laughter held itself as when the clown, hanging from a ladder too high above the audience, swings out and threatens the safety of the crowd. He recovered and straightened, bowed with a homosexual Tammany smile and waved his empty envelope to show them that they, as well as he, were safe. "The answer is: WE ARE." ". . . Our party is of the intellectuals, by the intellectuals, and naturally against them. Down with revolutions, resolutions, Magazines, and all attempts to put this country on its feet. We believe in nothing but aspirin and sex. The full bladder is our only goal. . . . Listen, comrades!," shouted Bruno in a fury, "Don't wait for the bandwagon to steamroller you . . . limp up and join us now, there's room on our fence for every individual straddler in your number. Are you a tired radical? are you a parlor pink? are you a political pansy? are you a morbid individualist? are you a victim of the twentieth century social disease? do you have singed or clipped left wings? then step right up and straddle with us. . . ."

Still at the microphone he tells his Black Sheep students to get out, to make their own fresh way, and they leave. Elizabeth, dancing with Jeffrey Blake, realizes miserably that she and he are going to have an affair. In the book's final section, joylessness and rationality triumph. Coming home from the party, Miles and Margaret Flinders agree: "in a regime like this it is a terrible thing to have a baby." Margaret has an abortion, for her a kind of suicide; in herself and Miles, "the life-stream flowed to a dead end."

In reviewing *The Unpossessed* in 1934, Robert Cantwell said, "The real confusion through which the intellectuals moved in the period covered by the book was no less amusing than that which Miss Slesinger presents, but it had more meaning than is given to it here; it was a result of greater forces than are shown at work." That is true. No explanations from the stage-of-capitalism are offered. The author was less interested in the source of the despair of intellectual men than in the fact that women, taking their cues from them, had lost their bearings. I think her Freud was stronger than her Marx. Instinct told her that the emancipation of women had had complicated and unexpected effects. It is significant that the time is 1934. The illusions of the first generation of women to participate in the "sexual revolution"—those born in the 1890s, ten years or so before Slesinger—have worn off. Women born when she was inherited the new ideas without seeking them: they saw not just what was gained, but what had been lost. Margaret and Elizabeth are less accomplished, less knowing, than Doris Lessing's free women of the 1950s; nonetheless they are Molly and Anna's progenitors. By making the women the "female principle," however schizophrenic, and the men the intellectuals, Slesinger oversimplified: she herself was clearly, in 1934, a female intellectual. Her special quality, however, is not the perfection of her understanding either of the woman question or of the radical movement. It is that to some extent, at least, she understood both, and putting them together produced a more complex and subtle picture—of both—than any of her contemporaries and most of her successors.

This balance of "female" perception and political understanding, of emotion and principle, creates what I think are some of the best stories in the Quadrangle collection. My favorite (and I know taste in these matters is idiosyncratic) is "The Friedmans' Annie," a study of a woman being manipulated against her own interests. Annie is the Friedmans' German housemaid, a transported peasant girl dazzled by their wealth and manners, by their Jewish friends with their Elsas and Olgas and Berthas, and by her own increasing skill as their servant. Mr. Friedman imposes

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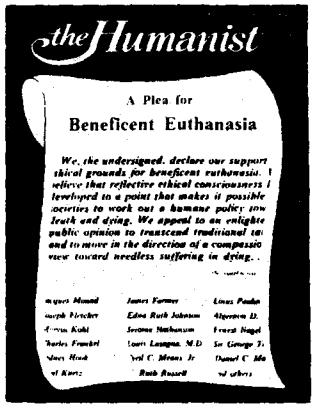

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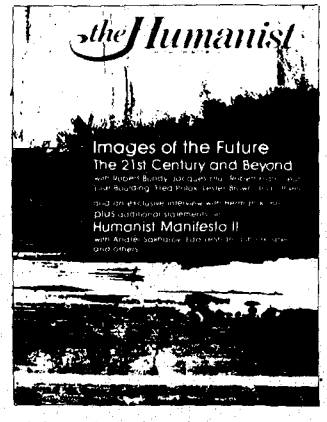

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on her. You, whatever-your-name is, can you give up your night out? Mrs. Friedman encourages her airs and illusions. Taken in, Annie acts haughty with her Joe, the patient German plumber boyfriend who wants to marry her. Finally, Joe leaves, and Annie is alone. It is a sad, delicate, personal story; and at the same time a political one, exploring how identification of oneself with an employer can make workers act against themselves. "The Mouse-Trap" has a similar theme. Here, Betty Carlisle from Topeka, Kan., newly arrived in New York, employed as secretary-receptionist to Peter Bender, the handsome young boss of his own company, stands by his side against her fellow workers' attempts to unionize to resist his arbitrary cuts. Betty is not only social climbing; she is influenced by sex. She has a crush. She has fantasies: Mrs. Peter Bender. Bender divides his staff by individualized counsel, paternalistic speeches and whiskey. (It is a fine portrait of small-company paternalism.) When he has won, they make love in his office. But Betty is a virgin, and it wasn't what she meant. His lust teaches what the speeches of the other workers couldn't; she leaves. "Jobs in the Sky" has some similar elements; it is about workers desperate to keep their jobs in a department store. "White on Black" charts the downhill course of a black brother and sister enrolled in an Upper West Side progressive school.

At the other pole from these stories where class, race, money or jobs are central are stories whose focus is personal or psychological. The title story is one of these—its subject is obvious—and so is "A Life in the Day of a Writer," an interior monologue about the indulgent self-fascinated frenzy of the writer at work. "Mother to Dinner" unveils the struggle in a young woman recently married, between her ties to her mother and her efforts to adjust to her stranger husband. "Relax Is All" is in a class by itself, a Western story—nearly a nature story—about the sensual and spiritual awakening of a woman (a New York professional woman nursing her asthma on a Nevada ranch) and the satisfaction of a horse. "After the Party" is in part an autobiographical record of her own state after the success of *The Unpossessed*.

But this is no more than a list. There are a dozen stories in the book (one of them, "Missis Flinders," is also Part IV of *The Unpossessed*), and they are all worth reading. Only one, "The Answer Is on the Magnolia Tree," failed to interest me; it seemed boring and cluttered. And one, "The Times So Unsettled Are," set abroad, seemed falsely grim and sentimental. I know it would be appropriate, at this point, to express more reservations, but in the presence of Slesinger's obvious, idiosyncratic talent, so unfortunately denied its full cycle, it seems unnecessary. Besides, I have only one, and that is that she had a tendency to overwrite. What else is there to say? Let the last word be pronounced by a Tess Slesinger character, Arturo Teresca, the disappointed composer whose band plays for the party of *The Unpossessed*. "What man was a failure," he asks himself, "who had even one symphony to his credit? It might go unpublished; it might be played only at parties where no one listened to it; but it was music, it was eternal, it added to the sum total of beautiful music, to the unheard vibrating streams of perpetual music that would one day subdue the world to all its concerted rhythm." □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

It is easy to be devastating about Anthony Scully's *Little Black Sheep* (Vivian Beaumont Theatre), but on several accounts I prefer at the moment to serve as the devil's advocate. The play might be seen in the light of a "lovers' quarrel." Scully is clearly a man with a strong religious bent. As a youth he was attracted to the priesthood, but after a certain contact with it found himself grievously deceived. As with many betrayed lovers, the shock rendered him venomous: *Little Black Sheep* is a virulently anti-clerical play. The Jesuits are here his particular targets but the attack is motivated by a deeply felt need for something to trust, in a time that is not so much skeptical as corrupt. In rather juvenile fashion, Scully has turned blasphemous. It is not religion nor even Catholicism he savages, but their travesty by people who espouse them with the most banal and vulgar kind of lip service. Like so much else in our day, that warrants indignation.

The pity is that Scully strikes out at the adversary with a hysterical fury that impairs most of his dramaturgic faculties. He hardly understands what he is doing. Is his play satire, farce, pathetic comedy? Laughter—and there are moments which are properly comic—dies in our throats as obscene imprecation follows the humorous sally or scene. To put it as mildly as possible, the play is insecure in style. It pretends to realism, but to make better sense it should have been written, constructed and produced in some form of extravagant stylization.

No matter what may go on, as this is supposed to do, in a "Jesuit House of Study" (at Yale), nothing so mad could be witnessed anywhere outside a lunatic asylum. To be sure, there are slothfully drunken priests, many who are merely wheeler-dealers, some addlepated "progressives," others who are out-and-out hypocrites, still others lechers or repressed homosexuals, but one cannot believe in their coexistence in one such place and, above all, with the lot of them so brazenly self-declarative. What we have then is wild caricature. This might be stylistically acceptable but such a treatment should not be adulterated by soulfulness and the exhortation of social polemic.

European civilizations have produced unequivocally anti-clerical plays of singular merit. One reason why such theatre appears on the Continent and very rarely in America is that both religion and the Church have had a much more powerful hold on the masses there than here. The very fact that organized religion today exercises relatively little sway on the minds, and more especially on the actual behavior, of our citizenry makes us rather "polite" in this matter: we do not wish to offend, since we are so little concerned. (In the same way, it is difficult for us now to produce effective bedroom farce because we affect shamelessness.) The European experiences an often lacer-

A BURNING FOX

Came to the edge of her dream,
Came careful through burdock,
Into the open,
Coming down cautious,
To the imagined stream;
There in a landscape,
Unique to her sleeping,
Rock, grass, and woodlot,
Were all of her making,
All but the fox,
With its muzzle dipped glowing,
Quenched in the water,
Where silent and watching,
She sat like a stone,
Sat trying to think it,
Think it her making,
Trying to place it,
As it drank in her dream,
Make it her own,
In the world of her sleeping,
Where even her name,
Was not hers for keeping,
Nor a fox made of flame,
Asleep or waking.

John Kolars

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ating soul struggle in his denial of God or in the rejection of His mundane representatives. It is therefore a truly dramatic process.

Still, much of the anti-clerical literature in Europe has been couched in a manner which combines the fantastic with satire. If Scully wished to vent his spleen on the apes of religion he should have been less absurdly "sincere" and more exuberantly slashing. There was also a possibility of writing a temperately thoughtful drama. But though I respect the essentially religious impulse that prompted *Little Black Sheep*—a sentiment that has left a wound in Scully—I deplore the ridiculous misfiring which has resulted in the spray of many more duds than of bright or burning bullets.

Given the material at hand and its obviously muddled delivery, it is futile to speak with any confidence of the play's acting, direction or setting. Stefan Schnabel is amusing in his projection of the one character in the play, a thick-headedly nationalistic German, who might have proved genuinely funny, but even in this Scully goes too far, killing the joke by repetitiveness and overemphasis. Pierre Epstein as an "average man," a devoted believer desperate over the flagrant disgrace of his ecclesiastic idols, manages to be touching in the one effective scene which could in other circumstances be taken quite seriously as containing the nub of the play's meaning. His acting is the best of the evening.

Joseph Papp had good reasons for presenting this play by a young American dramatist who shows promise through his vivid temperament, evident in sporadic flashes of theatric skill and eloquence, but he was wrong to produce it at Lincoln Center instead of in one of the halls of the Public Theatre.

Do not be dissuaded by the common opinion that John Gay's *Polly* (written in 1729, but first produced because of censorship in 1777) is inferior to *The Beggar's Opera* (1728) of which *Polly* is the sequel. I do not propose to argue the point; suffice it to say that I found the Chelsea Theatre Center's production at the Brooklyn Academy of Music a pleasure.

In a more traditional 18th-century vein, *Polly* is even more "subversive" than *The Beggar's Opera*. (The Duchess of Queensbury was dismissed from court for enlisting subscribers for it in the palace.) In this frolicsome satire Gay contrasts the West Indian as nature's nobleman with the reprehensibly greedy and dissolute "European." Gay's touch is ever so light, his humor sparkling, his language of the finest vintage and still fresh, his entire approach to his subject —and there can be no doubt that as a friend of Swift and Pope he meant what he said—saucy.

So too the music, though most of it is short breathed. Its vigorous English country bounce gives buoyancy to its period sophistication. At moments it mocks Italian opera, which was the rage in Gay's day. In all this Robert Kalfin's staging and direction and adaptation have been most helpful, indeed frequently brilliant.

Robert U. Taylor's décor is delightfully apt, Carrie F. Robbins' costumes just right and the company spirited and, even in its flurries of camp cuteness, thoroughly engaging. Though some of the lyrics are made less intelligible than they should be, nearly all the performances are attractive in a vein—candid American rather than seasoned English —much better than one might expect from a cast not trained as a team over a stretch of years, which is the ideal requirement for this theatrical mode.

I particularly liked Patricia Elliott as Jenny Diver (she, like several others, plays two parts), Lucille Patton as a bawd, Fran Stevens as a dowager, Stephen D. Newman as the scapegrace Macheath and as the Poet-Author. Betsy Beard, an almost baby-faced Polly Peachum, possesses a pretty voice, speaks her lines clearly, but lacks the same distinctness in some of her songs. As an Indian Messenger, the baritone Robert Manzari makes his every entrance singing in bravura enthusiasm, which the audience receives with ever increasing laughter. The Indians, with Richard Ryder as their princely leader, are strikingly superior to most of the white men: they have the handsomer bodies. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

For the second time this season (*The Nation*, April 12) the Downtown Branch of the Whitney Museum has put on a first-rate exhibition, arranged by students in the Independent Study Program. Everybody contributed to it in one way or another but apparently it is to Barbara Cavaliere (State University of New York at Stony Brook) and Robert Hobbs (University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill) that we chiefly owe this well-conceived exhibition, "Subjects of the Artist" (until May 28). The title of the show is taken from an art school founded and run by William Baziotes, David Hare, Robert Motherwell, Mark Rothko and Barnett Newman. It lasted only for 1948-49 but the constellation of artists and the aesthetic position they represented summarized the developing art of the period.

The name was chosen to emphasize the fact that these artists of the 1940s, whose work looked Abstract, or was approaching abstraction, saw no split between formality and subject matter. Considering that later American Abstract art was claimed by formalist art criticism, it is instructive to be reminded that in its origins Abstract Expressionism was characterized by an insistence upon subject matter. The catalogue is an excellent anthology of contemporary artists' statements, with the stress on content. This is variously defined as "a phantom that

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must be caught and made real" (Baziotes); the experience of the Sublime (Motherwell); "myths of antiquity" (Rothko); "the Ancestral Image" (Theodoros Stamos); "the spiritual nature of the Universe" (Richard Pousette Dart); and "the Unconscious" (Pollock). The show ranges over seven years and includes such key works as Adolph Gottlieb's first pictograph, "Eyes of Oedipus" (1941), and Arshile Gorky's "Betrothal II" (1947).

The show is not only welcome as a clear view of a neglected early phase of American painting, it is implicitly revisionist; it suggests that the formality by which the later work of these artists is usually judged may be a rationalization obscuring the group's original infatuation with richly evocative content. Even as the artists' styles developed toward simpler forms in fewer colors on a larger scale, the cluster of nature-mythology-sublimity references was not expunged. To compare these artists with an Abstract artist of the same generation who did not share their subjectivity is illuminating. James Brooks, born in 1906, present in the *Life* magazine photograph of the so-called Irascibles (a group portrait of Abstract Expressionists in 1951), lived without the others' belief in the myth of depth.

Meaning for Brooks lay in the materials of his craft: he attributed "an ego," as important as the artist's, to the canvas; "it insists on itself," he said. This view of dialogue between emerging painting and the artist as agent, however, is thin in the absence of residual myths and undercurrents. Brooks's paintings maintain an even keel; they're all pretty handsome. However, if what is being signified in Brooks's work is the painting process itself, and this proceeds tranquilly, as it seems to, "dialogue" seems merely an affected way to say "decorative." It is taking the terms of an extreme situation and applying it to a normal procedure (like referring to a *breakthrough* in rocking-chair design). American painterly Abstraction seems, in the absence of iconographical traces, to be handsomely decorative but not much more. Brooks's paintings of 1952-75 can be seen at the Finch College Museum of Art (until June 8) with a supplementary show at Martha Jackson's (until May 24).

Painterliness was ubiquitous in America in the 1940s and 1950s and its ramifications have yet to be fully charted. It was not only a limiting factor for Abstract artists like Brooks: it raised problems also for figurative artists. For example, American painters had a covert or sporadic interest in the Grand Manner, meaning the heroic style of figure painting derived ultimately from the Italian Renaissance. De Kooning's women of the 1950s followed the artist's reflections on Renaissance space and on Rubens' flesh painting. Partly as a result of his example, the Grand Manner persisted in New York, but besieged by brush marks. The mystique of the artist's dialogue with materials meant that if an artist did attempt to paint heroic figures they had to be painted so that they were awash with paint. Such figures were supposed to look as if they had grown from the paint rather than represent an observed external world that was imposed on the paint. The subjection of high style to painterliness had considerable influence on figurative artists, such as Lester Johnson and Richard Diebenkorn, who in their different ways were acceptable originally because of the obtrusive paint bed in which their figures were carried.

Rosemarie Beck's paintings, recently at the Poindexter Gallery, continue into the 1970s this equipoise or stand-off of image and paint. Starting in her last show two years ago, she has been working with the Orpheus legend in all its episodes. At points there is a feeling of the Grand Manner rationalized, rather in the way that hardheaded American painters of the 1930s set Greek myths into the Midwest or, like Isabel Bishop, depicted Dante and Vergil in Union Square. On the whole, however, it is not past and present that interact in her work but alternating phases of confidence and doubt about subject matter itself. The paint is put down in hard, opaque dabs, as if Paul Signac were to paint a Cézanne, and this surface keeps the subject matter, though readable, remote and inconsequential. Beck equivocates between the decorative and the referential. Owing to her 1950-ish origins she is unable to accept subject matter more fully; as a result, her Orpheus iconography is numbed by overemphasis on paint as such.

Joan Semmel's new paintings are on view at the Soho Center for Visual Artists, 114 Prince Street (until May 24). As in her first show two years ago, they are of large nudes but with remarkable changes. The insistent geometrics of her earlier paintings have relaxed, not because she is less rigorous but because she is more fluent. Her color is more concentrated than before and the objective view of coupling bodies that she took as her subject has been subtly revised. One erotic painting is a steeply foreshortened view of two reclining bodies, one female, one male. The viewpoint of the artist is that of the woman in the painting and, of course, the artist's point of view is ours too. She is painting in the first person, not by means of an expressionistic flurry of brush strokes but by matching her act of perception to the visual field of the painting. One is reminded of the famous drawing of the monocular visual field by Ernst Mach, published in *Contributions to the Analysis of the Sensations*, 1897, but reprinted in numerous nonspecialist books and journals. It renders the view of a man looking the length of his body in a reclining position, tracing the recession to his diminished feet.

Semmel has refined on this explanatory diagram so that the steep perspective of bodies is subtly adjusted to the formal limits of the paintings' edges and the canvas surface. She uses hard, clear forms in close-up to establish a cool intimacy. In her tall painting of a naked boy, standing ankle-deep in a tub, being toweled by arms entering the foreground of the picture, a startling sense of proximity is combined with a monumental composition. To compare her with Beck: Semmel paints solidly and consistently, but she gives equal attention to the translation of subject matter into consistent visual form. Beck however lacks the confidence in her subject matter which would give it the vigor and concentration of Semmel's commanding paintings. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

I would have bet that a successful movie could not be made from Nathanael West's *The Day of the Locust*, and I would have been wrong. John Schlesinger, working from a script by Waldo Salt, has achieved an electric and frightening film in this surprisingly faithful adaptation of West's apocalyptic cartoon of Hollywood in the 1930s. It is, in fact, probably more frightening than it was when West published the story—the locusts have prospered in the years between.

Not that the translation is without problems. West's book was a cartoon in two respects: its characters, both major and walk-on, are drawn in acid-sharp visual detail, but flat; and the violence of incident is often followed by a lurching absence of effect. As, for example, this passage between Miguel, the Mexican trader in fighting cocks, and Abe Kusich, the belligerent dwarf fixer: "Lifting the little man free, Miguel shifted his grip to his ankles and dashed him against the wall, like a man killing a rabbit against a tree." But a page later Abe is showing off the bump on his head to his exasperated allies. West was writ-

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MY PEOPLE

Speak you someone
Who knows what to say
When they come in a dream
Masked desperate angels
From the valley of a massacre.

Duane BigEagle

ing a kind of fantasy—meticulously documented hyperbole—that cannot be duplicated by human actors, whose bodies are known to be both vulnerable and warm. Thus, however implacable the picture attempts to be, it cannot match the book's terrible coldness.

And West was not much concerned with the flow of plot. I assume that he worked as he shows Tod Hackett, his art-director protagonist, working—assembling sketches drawn hastily but with cruel perspicacity here and there in the streets, saloons, bungalows, studio sets and set-like mansions, and gradually building a wall-sized montage of Hollywood. The film, however, tends inevitably to hook sequences together, to develop juxtapositions into transmittable relationships, to give the thing a shape. It ends, thus, with Faye Greener, the blonde extra, coming back to the stripped room in the San Bernardino Arms where she had known Tod, and looking at the fake rose that he had stuck in the earthquake crack in the wall; it doesn't mean anything, but it seems to give retrospective substance to their association and, of course, it rounds out the story. West, when the horrifying riot outside Grauman's Chinese Theatre has burned itself to ashes (again an episode humanized in a way that the book's spastic violence does not seem to intend), merely stops writing.

But the theme of *The Day of the Locust* is the general catalepsy induced in a segment of society by boredom, poverty of mind and purse, voyeurism, ignoble dreams and momentary pleasures. Tod Hackett is the catalyst in this neighborhood of suspended animation; having come recently from outside, he still reacts as it were normally and, though it is not said, his single presence may well be what sets the whole super-saturated solution into dreadful motion. This inner core of the book Schlesinger and his company have grasped wonderfully well. The picture builds like a summer storm; it is gay and funny, abnormally vivid, surprising and mountingly dangerous. And here the passage of four decades works powerfully in its favor. It is not nostalgia that *The Day of the Locust* expresses but confirmation. Walking out of the theatre onto Third Avenue in New York, just as the drones are pouring from the office buildings down into the subways, one feels as if stepping into the picture, not out of it. West saw Hollywood as a malign engine that lived on dreams and killed hope. The last forty years have been something like that, and it shows in the faces. We live in a super-saturated solution of anomie; one day, something will jar it into precipitating, and when that happens you want to be far away from some Chinese Theatre crowd.

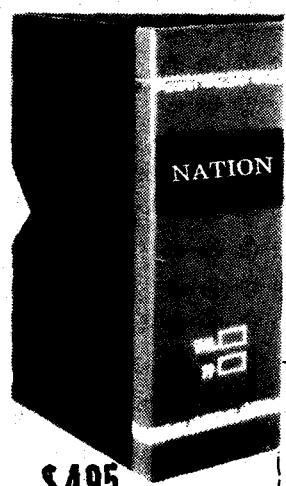
The most memorable performances from a uniformly excellent cast are those by William Atherton (Tod Hackett), Karen Black (Faye Greener), Donald Sutherland (Homer Simpson) and Burgess Meredith (Harry Greener). Meredith comes perhaps closest of all to the one-dimensional animation of West's galvanized stick figures. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

Spartacus and *Ivan the Terrible* are the only completely new ballets the Bolshoi is offering on this visit, its first since 1966. Both are the work of Yuri Grigorovich, the Bolshoi's artistic director. Much can be said about the ballets' thematic content and dramaturgy. To get to the bottom of them, however, one must look at the steps. Assuming that choreographing ballets may be compared to knitting, Grigorovich works like a novice. Using thick needles, his weave cannot possibly have the resilience, utility and attractiveness of an expert knitter's fabric. The dancers in *Spartacus* and *Ivan the Terrible* keep falling into the holes. There is nothing intrinsically wrong with the space-consuming leap, the big one-handed lift, the broad sweep of the arm, the little runs on *pointe*, a series of spins, a sudden collapse to the floor, a chain of arabesques—except that Grigorovich must use this basic vocabulary to haul his dancers out of the holes. They always seem to be on the rebound from a path to nowhere. Once the dancer has finished a diagonal or circle, what then but to repeat the combination in the opposite direction or drop it altogether and begin, as it were, a "new" dance. I doubt that any dance in these ballets extends beyond five steps, which is one reason Grigorovich's choreography feels so choppy. The steps either ricochet off each other or are glued by enormous *glissades* and intakes of breath, as though the dancers were on the perpetual edge of a precipice. So much preparatory signaling obliges Grigorovich to balance the scale with one hell of a lot of Big Steps. Even when the step really is big (in contradistinction to the times when the dancer must pretend it's big), it hardly justifies all the time taken to get there. Nor are these moments graced with a follow-through in momentum. Spartacus uses half the length of the stage to get up in the air, and when he comes down the dance is over. Then he, and we, must rev up again, for the next climax. The audience is never given the pleasure of riding the crest of a climax. Grigorovich's intention, quite the reverse, is to sock the audience with sudden deaths.

To arrive at big moments, Grigorovich is safest, naturally, with jumps. But when he is choreographing for women, or



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WALK ON AN OLD HIGHWAY

Days drip by like acid in a cave,
Like sap from frozen trees, reluctantly.
Living ebbs without a flow,
Recedes as slowly as a broken dream.
Three score and twenty, thirty,
Count by tens the telephone poles
Tapping time on this slow walk. . .
And no end to the posts on the horizon.

Jeannette Maino

when the man's solo is what he calls a monologue—a meditation on the current state of the protagonist's psyche—he must by-pass jumps in favor of more "expressive" movement. Operating on the principle that the wow of technique resides in the legs and the emotional center in the torso and arms, these segments depend on the abilities of the dancers' upper halves to project what we have come to think of as Russian soul—the melancholic binges in which the arms gather at the breast and, palms up, fly spread-eagle at the audience in a grand invitation to share sorrow. These gestures are indeed eloquent and eloquently done by such heroes and heroines as Vladimir Vasiliev and Vyacheslav Gordeyev, Natalia Bessmertnova and Nina Sorokina, yet they would be more thrilling if they did not have to serve as proxies for the entire body. As such, they are to Russian ballet what tense pectoral muscles and swiveling hips are to our jazz ballet. Grigorovich is the Russian counterpart of our own Alvin Ailey.

With the women rarely touching ground in the duets, Grigorovich's *pas de deux* are actually *pas d'un*. As soon as the Khachaturian score for *Spartacus* or the Prokofiev conglomerate for *Ivan the Terrible* hits adagio, one knows that the man is going to lift the lady across his shoulder blades, slide her down the side of his leg, and then flip her head first over one shoulder so as to block her face and chest from view. (How telling that we rarely see the woman full-face and upside up at those very moments supposedly most expressive of the characters' deepest feelings.) Then, for the grand finale, he boosts her straight up into the air, as if she were the prize trophy of a turkey shoot. The woman, besides needing an infant's cast-iron stomach to weather her upside-down state of being, must play dead so that we may admire the man's strength in maneuvering her body so easily around his own; in the last duet of *Ivan the Terrible*, Anastasia actually is dead. Necrophiliac duets have long been tempting to the many choreographers who have done *Romeo and Juliet*, but Grigorovich does not need the excuse of plot to indulge his fancy. Necrophilia is the subject of all his duets, and the only confusion in the metaphor is that what looks corpse-like to me stands for passion in Grigorovich's eyes. During these duets, one notices that the woman's feet are always beautifully pointed and that one ankle is charmingly cocked on top of the other, so as to salvage the last shreds of long, clean line. One is grateful for these small points and for the dancers' interest in them. They are pros.

The other half of the choreographic story is the ensemble dances, those panoramas of movement against which the monologues and duets stand in relief. In *Spartacus* the ensembles are the armies, those of Crassus and those of Spartacus, and the Roman court of whores and satyrs. In *Ivan the Terrible* they are the bell ringers, Boyars, the Czar's secret police and something which Grigorovich calls "Faces of Death" and "Heralds of Victory." (*Ivan* is the more allegorical of the two ballets.) The tactic is uniformly mass effect, unison dancing. Five people doing the same thing with extraordinary vigor yield so much electricity. Multiply the unit by five, and of course, the tactic is self-defeating because it produces an insatiable appetite. By the end of *Spartacus* nothing less than 250 soldiers charging with spears would have appeased me. Normally the movies give me a hunger for this kind of meal, and the best of the type serve up a satisfying one. Although Grigorovich has embraced the spectacular genre with more fervor and considerably more skill than his peers, he obviously cannot do on the stage what he could do on the screen. If only *Spartacus* and *Ivan* were the de Mille extravaganzas their debunkers claim them to be.

In fairness, it must be said that *Ivan* is better than *Spartacus*. (In truth, only the devil would propose such a comparison.) Russian folk movement, which forms the basis of much of the ensemble work in *Ivan*, is more attractive than any goose-stepping Roman legions. *Ivan* has one female lead instead of two, and consequently half as many duets. Ivan's first dance, in which Yuri Vladimirov thrusts his stiff legs up and down the stairs to his throne like a crazed epileptic, is a marvelous and lasting image, plus a telling comment on Vladimirov's crazily ungainly style in other bravura pieces. He has always danced like a maniac, and in *Ivan* he finally plays a maniac. He is wonderful, rolling eyeballs and all. Last but not least, *Ivan* is an hour shorter than *Spartacus* and is set to Prokofiev pieces, which, although plodding, are less excruciating than the music Khachaturian wrote expressly for *Spartacus*.

If *Ivan* and *Spartacus* were the soft apples in an ever growing collection of good ones, it would be easy to wish everyone better luck next time. They are, however, the major creative efforts of an entire decade in the life of the man who heads a very important institution. Moreover, they point to a situation larger than the ballets themselves. What is most disturbing about these epics is their failure to use the very technique developed by the Bolshoi, and the Kirov, in the 19th century, the very technology, if you will, that made *Swan Lake*, *Sleeping Beauty* and 20th-century ballet possible. The Mickey Mouse level of technique required of the dancers in Grigorovich's ballets is partly a result of, and partly responsible for, their flaccid choreographic weaves. The big breathing spells, the ricochet effect and sudden deaths of movement that I have already described are some examples of easy-chair dancing. The fact that all the steps are done on the run instead of from proper, turned-out foot positions is another aspect of technique-less dancing and matrix-less choreography. The women suffer especially in *pointe* work, the most refined and unique aspect of ballet. Grigorovich does not allow them to use their *pointe* shoes as natural extensions of their legs. Instead of rolling up and off *pointe*, and instead of using *pointe* technique as an efficient way to express lightness and quickness in darting *piqué* movements, the women must always scoop themselves up onto *pointe* from a bent leg. Kinetically the effect is oom-pah-pah, constituting the ugly side of what is often called the heroic element in Bolshoi style. If one regards technique as an evolutionary process, this kind of dancing takes us back to the Dark Ages. To see the Bolshoi dancing at a contemporary level of technique, one must see Act II of *Swan Lake* and *Giselle*. (Another possibility might be *Sleeping Beauty*, but as of this writing it has not been done, and judging from what Grigorovich did to *Swan Lake*, one cannot assume that *Sleeping Beauty* will be Petipa.) Presumably, technique is still being perpetuated in class, if not on the stage. Watching the company hurl itself so passionately into *Ivan* and *Spartacus*, as though *Swan Lake* never existed, I could not help foreseeing a terrible schism. On stage, the company would be dancing nothing but Grigorovich and the like, while the lifeblood of the art would be incubating in the seclusion of the classroom. Petipa would be *samizdat* ballet. Gloomy thoughts, dispelled only by the sight of Gordeyev in anything and the company in Leonid Lavrovsky's vivid, straightforward production of *Giselle*. □

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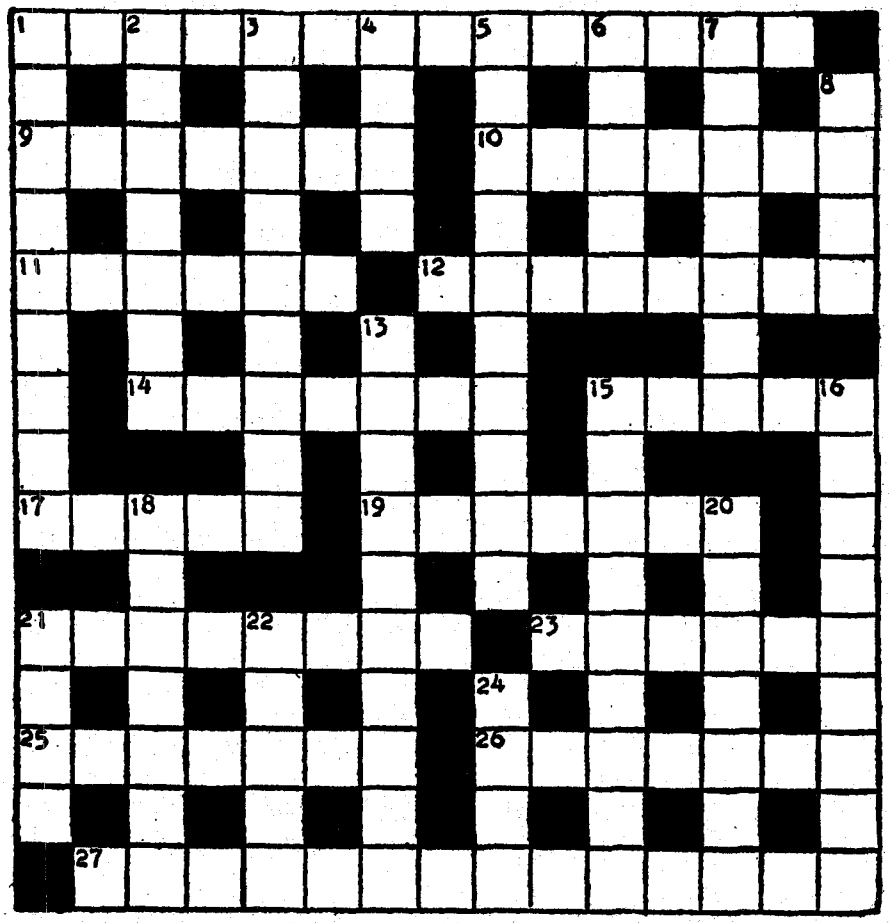
Crossword Puzzle No. 1586

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 How one goes through zones of the U.S. occasionally. (4,4,2,4)
9, 12, 19 and 23 No-risk policy? (7,8,7,6)
10 Paint might disturb the bristle setting. (7)
11 One doesn't like to have it put to a use an entirely different way. (6)
12 See 9 across.
14 The owl heard in the corner—less, if well-tired. (7)
15 After a kind of dish? (5)
17 No tipping? (5)
19 See 9 across
21 A friend has a point in possessing royal privilege. (8)
23 See 9 across
25 Such old-fashioned diplomacy might cause a bang-out.(7)
26 Owes me a little change? Appalling! (7)
27 Give out with a *mea culpa*, and get no better as base for it. (4,4,6)

DOWN

1 and 21 down Not exactly the gold or silver leaf, but money matters here. (9,4)
2 In the first place, one does this with dashes. (7)
3 Not exactly like the literary Eve, having three faces. (9)
4 Commonly faces assaults on the street. (4)
5 The boat led out of it with a fixed course. (5,1,4)
6 An unexpected turn for a novel character. (5)
7 According to the Muse, art develops fully. (7)
8 Hamlet comes up with this, to rouse things. (4)
13 Where the Green Mountain boys won out. (10)
15 Would the doubtful legality of one's actions suggest that he go along with a private eye? (9)
16 One such had a number associated with noble experimentation. (9)
18 The piece of drapery on the little state sticker? (7)
20 Make do, along with this as one approach to the Rialto. (7)
21 See 1 down
22 Schubert's music is possibly found in the same environment as 24. (5)
24 One might sing part of a catch, at least. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1585

ACROSS: 1 Landing gear; 9 Eric; 10 Acres; 11 Loud; 12 Attaché; 13 and 15 Persona non grata; 16 Steeps; 18 Public; 21 Lock-outs; 24 Prepays; 26 and 28 Ground swell; 29 Theme; 30 Emus; 31 At all events. DOWN: 2 Archangel; 3 Drachma; 4 Nora; 5 Gushers; 6 Atlas; 7 Grotto; 8 Turn up; 17 Emolument; 19 Unreel; 20 Crystal; 22 Cortege; 23 Tedium; 25 Pilot; 27 and 14 Generally.

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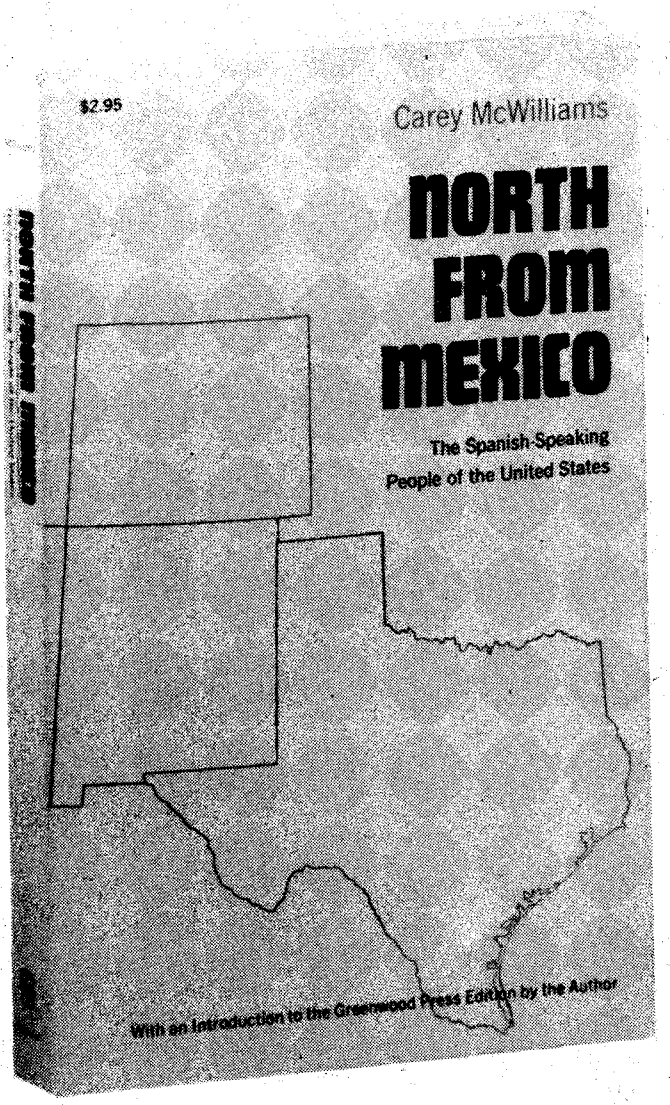
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